SEP 28 '43 P

THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION
The Week-end Review

Vol. XXVI. No. 654. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1943 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . Page 146
THE MYSTERY OF BULGARIA 147
THE DOCTORS AND THE BEVERIDGE REPORT. By Somerville Hastings 147
WHAT HAPPENED IN BURMA 148
FORWARD. By Sagittarius 149
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic 150
THIS ENGLAND 150
AN ACTOR TO THE CRITICS. By Michael Redgrave 151
PLAYS AND PICTURES . . . . . Page 152
THE MOVIES. By William Whitebait . . . 152
POONA HOSPITAL. By Alun Lewis . . . 152
CORRESPONDENCE 152
From Clough Williams-Ellis; Elkan Allan; Jack Maunder; P. Mansell Jones; Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence and Dorothy Evans; Dr. R. D. Reid; Harold F. S. Hewitt; Reginald Reynolds; R. Woodifield
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett . . 154
REVIEWS: Page
The Shadow of the Rif. By Cyril Connolly . 155
Greece. By John Mavrogordato . . . 155
Reflections on France. By J. P. Mayer . 156
Q Again. By E. E. Kellett 157
Military Classics. By Noel Annan . . 157
Gramophone Notes. By Edward Sackville West 158
Shorter Notice 159
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 159

THE FEAR OF REVOLUTION

CAN this war be won by the sheer weight of metal in our bombs, guns and tanks and the millions of men the United Nations can mobilise to operate their more numerous and deadly machines? Doubtless it can, though the achievement may occupy more years than most of us like to reckon. But is this the way in which we would wish to win it? A consistent and logical plan can be worked out on this mechanistic conception, not merely for the war but for the settlement. The peoples of Europe, friends and enemies alike, have on this hypothesis remained inactive to the end. Amgot takes charge of them as our invading armies advance. It forbids all political activity. It instals in Athens and Belgrade the old discredited dynasties. It secures the claims of the House of Savoy in Rome. What it does in France we are not sure. In Germany it settles down to govern the country directly like a backward Crown Colony for an indefinite number of years. It makes an end of the Nazi party, but what does it propose to do with the peculiar caste structure of that country, the twin ruling class of the Junkers and heavy industrialists, more sovereign to-day than even before, because in the last ten years the liquidation of the "little man" has been completed? Defeated, disarmed and punished the Germans will certainly be, but will the social structure be changed which cursed her people and shattered Europe? This is the formula for a conservative war. It springs from minds which dread the masses and fear revolution only a little less than they fear the Nazis. It will prolong the struggle, and if it can succeed it will stereotype, in a Continent dominated by monopoly capital, the social evils out of which this war arose. Does it mean that traditional England and conservative America are fighting to restore traditional Europe?

We put this question bluntly because we believe that it goes to the root of most of our difficulties in the present phase of this war—the tension between the Western Powers and Moscow, our awkward relations with the Fighting French, the tangle in the Balkan Peninsula and our failure to use the opening that promised so much in Italy. In listening to Mr. Churchill's broadcast from Quebec we sought in vain for any evidence that he is learning from events. There was none. He used some of the happy phrases that never fail him about the French. He was tactful and even magnanimous in his reply to Russian criticisms. He missed once more, as he has always missed, his chance to touch the Italian masses. But for us the outstanding passage was that in which he went out of his way to express his hope that the Kings of Greece and Jugoslavia will soon be restored to their thrones. The young King of Yugoslavia has no record, but on his dynasty lies a heavy share of the responsibility for the internal feuds and external complicities that have cursed a gallant people: it has hitherto typified Serbian Imperialism. On King George of Greece falls the entire responsibility for the brutal period of Fascism under General Metaxas. Few, if any, of the active patriots of Greece, even in the regular army, wish to see him on his throne again. Kings in the Balkans were always the tools by which the Great Powers have imposed their policy on its peoples. Mr. Churchill's words will be understood in every coffee house east of Vienna in that sense.

Is it this same fear of revolution that accounts for the slow development of the Italian crisis? Certainly nothing has been said or done to aid the popular movement, which ardently desires peace but is also bent on establishing a new social order within a Republic. The long delay has given the Germans time to dig themselves in and reinforce very substantially their army on Italian soil, which was negligible when Mussolini fell. The popular parties in the National Front of Action are now acting closely with Badoglio. He has nominated some of their leading men, including a prominent Communist, to organise the workers in the official syndicates. They in turn, including the Communists, have frowned on a general strike which threatened to break out in Rome. What does it mean? It may mean, as some well-informed judges hope, that they are satisfied that Badoglio is honestly seeking peace, and expect that an honourable capitulation will soon be arranged. But it could also mean that they no longer blame him for his hesitation to accept such terms as we may have offered him. The words "unconditional surrender" were foolishly inelastic. Some assurance may be expected that we mean to respect the integrity of the truly national territory—that we will not, for example, play with the negligible movement of Sicilian separatism. Again, the bombing of Milan, the house of the revolutionary movement, was not a happily timed action. Has it re-created Italian solidarity? To this enigmatic situation we miss any certain clue. But the Germans may be guessing correctly when they anticipate an early invasion of the mainland. Will it be, as we fear, another essay in the mechanistic conception of war? We anticipate success: our engines are good. But if we had dared to call on the masses to rise, the effort would have been easier and the future more promising.

The good news that comes from Quebec is that Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt have offered us the prospect, probably somewhat distant, that they will arrange a joint meeting with Marshal Stalin. It is a businesslike proceeding that the three Foreign Ministers should meet first, to clear up the many issues that divide the Allies. But is it the Baltic States, or the right of Dr. Benes to visit Moscow, or even the thorny question of Poland that really separates them? As we see it, two conceptions of the future are at issue in the whole conduct of the war, and the most momentous of several tests faces us in Germany. Stalin has done more than the rest of us together to defeat the Nazis by sheer weight of metal and masses of men. But he persists in believing that it is also worth while to stimulate a German revolution. That can happen only if part of the German army turns on Himmler's Praetorian Guard, S.S. and Gestapo, and destroys it. We hope the appeal of the Free Germans from Moscow to the army and the nation may succeed, but we are not sanguine. The chances of success would have been incomparably greater, if, from London and Washington as well as from Moscow, there had come any encouragement to the Germans to revolt. We have merely demanded "unconditional surrender." This fundamental difference cuts deeper than any justifiable soreness the Russians feel over our delay in making a Second Front. What really divides us is whether we are fighting to make Europe secure for monopoly capital or for common men.

Scandinavian Crucible

Anti-Nazi feeling throughout Denmark has broken into active expression. It was provoked by a demand from the Nazis that Danish saboteurs should be handed over for trial by German military courts. Acceptance would have meant a return in Denmark to capital punishment. The Government refused the demand, announcing, with the solemnity of a Royal proclamation, that if sabotage continued the Danish administration might pass out of Danish hands. The Danish public gave the Nazis their answer on a royal scale. They fought them in the streets; *saboteurs* blew up their rolling stock, shipping and communications. The Nazis demanded severe punitive measures by the Danish Government. The Government refused to take them. The Nazis declared martial law. The Government resigned. King Christian was made a prisoner. Most of the Danish fleet scuttled itself in Copenhagen harbour. Swedish A.A. guns went into action against German planes attacking the vessels which escaped to Landskrona. The flagship *Niels Juel* sank off Elsinore. Artillery fire was heard in Malmo from the direction of Copenhagen when the curtain fell on "The Model Protectorate." Another brave people, whose ancestors in 1864 fought the Prussians and Austrians single-handed, has joined the Allies. A wave of deep sympathy with Denmark has swept Sweden.

The anger of a Swede is greater than that of a Dane, though it may take German genius and perseverance to evoke it. The Nazis have now nearly goaded Sweden to fury. New brutalities in Norway, martial law in Denmark, above all the introduction there also of the hostage system, have evoked from the Swedish Press a torrent of contempt. Premier Hansson, speaking at Kalmar, famous for the treaty whereby the whole of Scandinavia was united in 1387, expressed the deepest feelings for Denmark, and warned Swedes that, failing their alertness, such things might happen to them. *Deutsche Diplomatische Korrespondenz* has issued a characteristically ponderous warning to Sweden:

> The fact that Sweden is not taking part in the struggle of most of the European nations for their freedom does not accord with her geographical position . . . Germany is now Sweden's neighbour to the south, west, north, and east . . . The interests of the Swedish people require a relationship with their German neighbours. . . . The Scandinavian area, being part of the European area, is to-day subject to a special law.

It complains that the Swedish Press, "as hostile now as the British or the American," uses such occasions as the sinking of Swedish trawlers by German naval vessels in Danish waters for opportunities to insult the Reich.

These German vituperations read somewhat curiously next to an appeal to Sweden from the Finnish newspaper *Etelaa Suomen Sanomat*:

> Sweden, by remaining neutral, can render great services in the reconstruction of Europe, and Finland and the rest of the North have reason to expect positive services from her. Our greatest difficulty is still ignorance about Russia's intentions towards us. . . . Only when the Axis has been finally conquered will the differences between Russia and the Western Powers present themselves for solution. Surprising changes in Russian policy may, however, be expected.

In Stockholm, which is immediately concerned with diplomatic exchanges with Berlin over the sunken Swedish trawlers, there are signs again of impatience with Finland for not making up her mind about getting out of the war at once. Some sympathy with Denmark has been shown in Finland. A few weeks ago a Swedish-Finnish Cabinet Minister said in Denmark: "We are not fighting for any ideology. Finland is part of the North. We Finns are fighting to preserve the eastern regions of Scandinavia, just as you Danes are fighting to preserve the southern." *Svenska Pressen,* a Swedish-Finnish organ, weighs up foreign policy in these words:

> We have an ideological, but no real, alliance with Germany and her allies through the Anti-Comitern Pact. We are formally at war with Britain and neutral towards the U.S.A., Italy and Japan. The most important tasks of our foreign policy are to attend to our relations with those neutral countries, and in particular with the U.S.A. Our neutral attitude towards Japan also demands attention and it is possible that our relations with Italy will soon be changed.

The Finnish Diet is now in secret session, presumably debating realities.

Soviet Reconstruction

A recent decree of the Soviet Government shows its confidence that regained territories are finally liberated from the Nazis. It consists of an elaborate and precise short-term plan for the rehabilitation of social and economic life in the districts which have been plundered and ravaged by the invaders. Beginning with an estimate of the losses and requirements of these areas, the plan intends to reverse the great evacuation that took place in the summer and autumn of 1941. Soon thousands of farmers will be returning, either with their own cattle or with new stock, from the place of refuge in central or eastern parts of the Soviet Union. To assist in their resettlement, many new veterinary assistants and agronomists are being rushed through special short courses; large supplies of new agricultural machinery and instructional literature are being provided, and farmers are to be released from this year's compulsory deliveries to the State. Although communications are to be restored as rapidly as possible, considerable emphasis is placed on the necessity of using local resources and the reorganisation of local industries. Housing and education are also receiving high priority. But food remains the most immediate and outstanding problem. Just before the war the Russians had begun to enjoy more plentiful and varied supplies of food after the lean years of the early 'thirties. To-day, after the devastating interruption of Hitler's invasion, the Russians are already talking of winning the war as fast as possible so that they may get back to their pre-war plans as well as to the new tasks of rebuilding what has been destroyed in Ukraine and White Russia. They need and will expect Allied help in this programme. There is much that we can do in the agricultural, as well as in the industrial, fields. This decree shows that the Soviet Union is determined to go ahead with or without our help. If the Western Allies mean, as they no doubt do, to make rehabilitation a common, co-operative endeavour after the war, it will be helpful if they make this as clear as possible now.

Feeding Liberated Europe

Certain sections of the Press are already starting to campaign against the policy of continuing rationing in this country in the immediate post-war period in order to release supplies for liberated countries. This kind of appeal to simple egoism is very insidious. If the issue were put fairly to the British public there is no doubt that they would respond well enough to the appeal to continue on our present very adequate standard of consumption until the most urgent needs of the next-to-starving peoples of Europe are met, but it is not so easy to resist a campaign in favour of self-indulgence. It would be interesting to know how much of the motive for the campaign is solicitude for the British consumer and how much concern for producers and traders who would like to see the profitability of the home market restored as quickly as possible, and are big advertisers.

Investigations on the Potomac

In July, the New York *Nation* published two articles, necessarily anonymous, revealing the appalling way in which inquiries by Federal agents, ostensibly for security purposes, were in fact inspired and dominated by the desire to eliminate liberal opinion and policy from the Civil Service. If it is thought that Martin Dies or the Kerr Committee have been left a monopoly in witch-hunting and that F.B.I. or Civil Service Commission investigations should deal with avowed or covert fascist penetration, a glance at the techniques employed should be sufficient disillusionment. A rabid Southern Congressman denounces the *New York Times* as "Jewish Communist." Within a week a special investigator will ask whether a particular suspect is known to be a habitual reader of the paper. Books by men and women unmasked as Nazi agents or awaiting trial on similar charges, such as Elizabeth Dilling, author of the notorious *Red Network,* are used quite openly as textbooks and tipsheets by the anti-radical investigator. There cannot be the excuse that these are incidental routine check-ups. In very few cases is there much more than a casual effort to unearth the facts that would, for a normal person, be sufficient to determine the suitability of anyone for Government service in this war. Hearsay, gossip and malicious misinformation are often accepted as evidence enough to secure a dismissal that may ruin a man's career. As the author of these articles says, "You don't look for enemy agents or sympathisers among . . . people who condemn the poll-tax, Vichy France, Dies, Jim Crow; among people who admire unions, co-operatives and the heroic exploits of the Red Army." Nor should marital fidelity, late-working hours, Jewish friendships, War Relief collections or "excessive opposition to Fascism or Nazism" be a reason for dismissal from war employment. Many liberals are resigning rather than face this kind of inquisition. And, even more dangerous for the future of America, many other honest men do not seek for public work for fear that their private lives or opinions will be the subject of insolent inquiry.

More Currency Proposals

The U.S. Treasury has produced a new version of their currency plan as a preliminary to discussions with American bankers and traders. It represents a long step not towards, but away from, the principles of the British plan. True, the size of the Fund is increased, the provisions for voting reduce somewhat the domination of the nation with the largest quota over the decisions of the governing board and there is a slight increase in the flexibility of exchange rates. But against this the new plan requires that half of all quotas must be paid in gold, and that half of all purchases of currency from the Stabilization Fund must be made in gold or equivalent foreign exchange. The latter provision seems to destroy the whole point of the Fund. Only those countries can make use of it who have very little need for it. To him that hath (gold) shall be given (dollars). As practical politics the new version probably has very little significance. It would need a very clever spider to lure the nations back into the gold standard net. But it is a distressing symptom of the state of American opinion that Mr. Morgenthau feels obliged to burn so much incense before the gold fetish.

T.U.C. at Southport

In this war, as in the last, the T.U.C. has grown greatly in importance. In effect an instrument of government, it is continually consulted by the Government Departments and undertakes great administrative functions which no Government Department could efficiently discharge. When the Trade Unions meet at Southport, they will be conscious of power and likely to express surprise that the National Government was not willing to make the small adjustment of the Trade Disputes Act they desire on behalf of the Civil Servants Trade Unions. With the prospect of a meeting between these Unions and the Premier after his return from America, Sir Walter Citrine will presumably for the moment withhold his fire. We doubt whether the attitude of Mr. A. M. Wall, who declared on Tuesday that Mr. Churchill would be so omnipotent at the end of the war that it would be folly for Labour to adopt an opposition attitude, will be fully shared by the Conference. We may expect outspoken discussion of our dubious relations with Russia, a mood of urgency about the Second Front, and a tendency to demand more independence for the Trade Union and Labour movement.

THE MYSTERY OF BULGARIA

BULGARIA was the first of Germany's allies to desert her in the last war. Once again her people understands that it has been manoeuvred by its king on to the wrong side. Once again its divided sympathies may break the Axis Front in the Balkans. Suddenly the axle of the complicated mechanism of intrigue and counter-intrigue has broken: King Boris is dead. How did he die, and why? It may have been a natural death: many whom Hitler distrusts die natural deaths, while still in the vigour of middle age. Possibly one of his own subjects shot him: he had much blood on his hands. Perhaps in a last stormy interview, Hitler so bullied him that his heart gave way. It does not greatly matter how he died. What does matter is that the one man is gone who might have held Bulgaria together a little longer, tacking this way and that on a devious course, perhaps double-crossing. He might conceivably have got her out of the war, more or less intact, had he lived. The chances now are that the Nazis will have to hold her down by brute force to do the job they have assigned her. Under that strain she will break in pieces. But precisely how and exactly when only second sight could tell us.

Why did this unfortunate little country, cursed with clever kings, do for a second time in this war what she did in the last? It may be worth while to recall something of the history that explains her action. It is rather complicated. Russophil the mass of her people always was and still remains. Anglophil also in some degree it used to be, thanks to Gladstone, the influence of Robert College and the Balkan Committee. But this was an asset which our diplomacy never troubled to develop. Germany bought her, first of all by offering her impoverished peasants a secure market for their surplus crops. In so far as she was in this war of her own choice, it was because she had an old and well-founded grudge against both her neighbours, the South Slavs and the Greeks, who twice took territory to which she had a good ethnological claim, first after the Balkan wars in 1913, and again in 1918.

During the summer of 1918, the Bulgarian soldiers fighting on the imposing Balkan front began to grow restive. The propaganda of the Entente offered them more lenient conditions than Germany would get, in case Bulgaria withdrew from the war. Soldiers told their officers that they would leave the battle front on September 15th. On that day, some of them mutinied, threw down their arms and turned homewards. The Entente troops penetrated the Bulgarian lines through the wide open gap, and the whole front collapsed. King Ferdinand abdicated. Yet at Neuilly, Bulgaria was treated as harshly as Germany and had even to yield to the Roumanians, one of her richest provinces, the Dobroudja. To-day, Bulgarian propaganda uses this unfulfilled promise to counteract British propaganda.

The years following the First World War were a period of hardship, incessant struggle and unrest. A *coup d'état* (in 1923) overthrew Stambolisky's Agrarian Cabinet, and was followed by a campaign for the extermination of the progressive elements in the country. In April, 1925, Sofia cathedral was blown up in an attempt on the King's life, and this was followed by violent repression. It is said that 30,000 people were massacred. In May another *coup d'état* took place, this time by the more or less Fascist Officers' League.

But in spite of difficulties, Bulgarians were able through hard work to intensify the culture of some crops, which found a welcome outlet in Germany. Having lost all interest in Bulgaria, the Western Democracies allowed Germany to wage there, quite unopposed, economic warfare. Sentiment gave way to necessity. Bulgaria was harnessed to the German war-machine and political penetration achieved. A section of the *bourgeoisie*, business men engaged in the export of Bulgarian products, high army officers who admired German efficiency, and a few intellectuals who had graduated in German Universities, became violently pro-Nazi. Eventually from being a creditor, Germany became a debtor to Bulgaria, and so paradoxically strengthened her hold on the country.

Yet the majority of the Bulgarian people were never and are not pro-German. Democratic in feeling, with a revolutionary tradition behind them, attached to their liberal Constitution, Bulgarians loath every form of tyranny. Owing to the disastrous Treaty of Neuilly, Great Britain's former popularity has waned. More and more the people began to turn towards "mother Russia" who had emancipated them from the Turkish yoke. This does not mean that Bulgarians are, in the strict sense, Communists, though a vigorous Communist Party does exist, chiefly amongst the workers, whose lot is far from being enviable. But the peasant, low though his standard of living is, would never part with the little plot of land he owns.

These poverty-stricken peasants and workers, and the majority of the intellectuals—professors, school-teachers, students and reserve officers—represent the forces of opposition to Germany and are at present a potential force of revolt.

At the outbreak of war, the King, afraid that Bulgaria might become a theatre of war, made a formal declaration of neutrality, strongly approved by the people. Yet Germany's economic hold over Bulgaria and her remarkably clever propaganda, had their effect, while British propaganda was virtually non-existent.

King Boris saw in the situation that faced him in 1940 a possibility of recovering the territories his father lost and even of restoring the ancient glory of the Bulgarian Tsars. The son of an overbearing father, he began life as a weakling, with a tortuous mind, but he was remarkably intelligent and astute, and after 1934 had become the virtual dictator of Bulgaria. To start with he was not pro-German, and may have reckoned that if things went wrong he would always be able, by skilful manoeuvring, to extricate himself. In 1940 he appointed as Prime Minister Professor Filoff, whom he picked for his servility and his devotion to the Nazis. In September, 1940, under German pressure, Rumania was forced to give back the Dobroudja. Bulgarians received this proof of German benevolence with marked coolness. But the Germans were just across the Danube, and although Bulgaria was ostensibly still neutral, their influence was soon strongly felt. German tourists poured into the country and aerodromes were secretly built. Public opinion became alarmed, and in February, 1941, a petition signed by all the heads of the disbanded political parties was addressed to the King, protesting against German infiltration and asking for an audience. No answer was given; King and Government remained deaf to the nation's desires. They yielded to German pressure and on March 1st, Premier Filoff flew to Vienna to sign the Tripartite Pact. An ominous silence greeted the traveller on his return from Vienna, for public opinion viewed this second alliance with Germany with grave forebodings. After the conquest of the Balkans, Bulgaria received Eastern Thrace and Western Macedonia, as well as the provinces in Southern Yugoslavia, lost in 1918. Satisfaction at these gains was mingled with grave apprehension. The people had only one wish—to remain out of the conflict.

When, however, in 1941, Germany launched her attack on Russia, things changed over-night. Sabotage began immediately in war factories, and on the railways. The Government hit back by draconian legislation and ruthless terror. The Bulgarian people refused to take arms against the Russians; hundreds were shot and 20,000 are said to be rotting in concentration camps. A general and many high officers were executed and special concentration camps established for rebellious soldiers. Many Bulgarian deserters have joined the partisans and are fighting in the mountains of Bulgaria and Yugoslavia. Anti-Jewish legislation was next introduced. This system of terror was answered by counter-terror. A series of attacks struck down prominent pro-Nazis. The perpetrators of these murders were never caught. For months now Bulgaria has been seething with revolt. Hitler's brutal rule has antagonised practically the whole of the nation, except the few thousands at the top. Mussolini's downfall, the victories of the Russians and their admirable propaganda addressed to the people against the Government have brought things to a climax. But Hitler needs the Bulgarian army, 500,000 men strong and well equipped, more than ever before, to reinforce the unreliable Italian garrisons of the Peninsula. But he also knew, too, that this army was the only factor capable of challenging his hold on Bulgaria. Therefore he wanted the Bulgarian troops dispersed, leaving only the police-force under the leadership of his tool, Gabrovsky, Minister of Interior, in the old Kingdom. The King was faced with an extremely complicated situation, and had to face it alone, for he had systematically destroyed all statesmen, by raising them to power and wrecking their reputations. It is more than likely that he was summoned to Hitler's headquarters and that demands were made on him with which he could not comply, without endangering his throne and the future of the dynasty. The Germans knew his character and with good reason distrusted him.

What will happen next? A Council of Regency must be formed. The sinister Gabrovsky can easily dominate it, and may manage with German aid to hold down the old Kingdom. But the key to the future lies with the army, scattered over what once was Greek and Yugoslav territory. How will it react to the mystery of the King's death? It may do again what its fathers did in 1918.

THE DOCTORS AND THE BEVERIDGE REPORT

[*The author of this article is the Chairman of the Hospital and Medical Services Committee, L.C.C., and President of the Socialist Medical Association.*]

SOME form of National Health Service is coming. And this, not only because it is demanded by Assumption B of the Beveridge Report, but also because without it the whole Beveridge scheme might easily break down. It would be illogical to pay high rates of sickness benefit, unless all reasonable precautions were taken to prevent accident and disease and all reasonable facilities provided to promote the rapid recovery of those affected.

During the last few months the Minister of Health has been in conference with the principal interests concerned: the doctors, the Local Authorities and the voluntary hospitals, and we have been promised a draft scheme in the form of a "White Paper" about the middle of September. Two things seem clear: the new service will be comprehensive and it will be available as a right to every citizen.

Much gratuitous advice has already been given to the Minister as to details of the scheme and the Society of Medical Officers of Health, the Socialist Medical Association and the Labour Party have each prepared plans for a National Health Service, which do not differ greatly in essentials.

Proposals of a very different character have recently been put forward by the Council of the British Medical Association. These are presented in the form of a series of recommendations, and will be considered at the Annual Representative Meeting of the Association in September. It may be of interest, first, to inquire the nature of these recommendations, and then to ask to what extent they represent the views of the medical profession.

The document in question starts off with some general statements about the importance of social and environmental conditions, and of medical education, and points out how necessary it is that the medical care of each individual patient should be left solely in the hands of the doctor in charge. With these sentiments everyone must agree. There next follow three propositions, about which there exist considerable differences of opinion, both within the profession and outside it.

The first of these deals with free choice of doctor and says " that free choice of doctor should be preserved as a basic principle of future health services." The reactionary elements of the medical profession have always talked much of free choice of doctor because they hope that it may make an attractive appeal to the public as part of the *status quo.* But to what extent does the man in the street feel acutely about the matter? There can be no doubt about the therapeutic value of trust in the treatment of disease. But trust can apply just as well to an institution or a service as to an individual. There are many families, especially in our large towns, who invariably go to a certain hospital, whenever they have anything seriously the matter with them, although they may not remember the name of a single doctor on the staff of the hospital of their choice. How much the public care about free choice of doctor can be estimated by the ease with which practices, both panel and private, can be sold. It is estimated that about 80 per cent. to 90 per cent. of patients are quite content to be sold to the highest bidder, particularly if the house or surgery to which they have become used to going is transferred at the same time. It has been humorously suggested that in country districts, in which the distribution of doctors is scanty, there is only one person who has real, free choice—the doctor's widow who sells the practice.

Nevertheless, there is something in what the B.M.A. describes as the " ideal doctor-patient relationship," whereby the patient looks upon his family doctor as counsellor and friend, who has his special personal interest at heart above all else. Indeed, one of the worst indictments of the present system for the provision of medical care is that millions of people have no such doctor, because they cannot afford to pay for one.

Just as much free choice of doctor is possible under a full-time National Health Service as under present-day conditions. No doctor can deal with more than a certain number of patients without becoming over-worked and therefore inefficient, and this is equally true under private practice, panel, and full-time service. It is generally agreed by all except some die-hard reactionaries that doctors in the coming health service will work not as isolated units, but as members of teams, the operational centres of which will be hospitals and health centres. Each district will have its own health centre from which the duties of the family doctor and other health workers will be organised. Eight or ten doctors will be attached to each health centre in urban areas, but in country districts there may be only two or three. A person moving to a new district will be asked to select a doctor working at the nearest health centre. In most cases he will have no reason to express any preference and will be allocated to one of the doctors whose list is incomplete. Occasionally he may select a doctor whose list is full, and in that case, as with the panel to-day, the name of the potential patient will be added to the waiting list of this doctor. I would venture to suggest, however, that when the opportunity occurs to change to the doctor they originally chose, few persons will want to do so.

What is of real importance, however, is that a change by doctor or patient should be not only possible but easy, if, as a result of experience, either should find that they do not get on well together. And this may happen, not because the doctor is unkind or inefficient, or because the patient is unreasonable, but merely because the two individuals are temperamentally unsuited to one another. It is of importance, therefore, that provision should be made for easy transference in any scheme for a National Health Service.

The next recommendation of importance reads as follows: " That free choice of doctor should be reinforced by a method of remuneration which relates remuneration to the amount of work done or the number of persons for whom responsibility is accepted." This recommendation would appear to mean, that in the view of the Council of the B.M.A., no doctor should be paid by salary, but only according to services rendered or visits paid, or by a capitation fee, determined by the number of potential patients taken at risk, as under the panel. Its meaning is made even clearer by a statement later in the report, that as an immediate measure " Assumption B should be satisfied by an extension of National Health Insurance to include dependents of insured persons and others of like economic nature and to cover consultant and specialist services and laboratory and hospital facilities as well as general practitioner service." No more disastrous proposal could possibly be made, and none more certain to receive a deserved popular disapproval. People know something of the panel, for they have tried it, and are suffering badly from it to-day. For the inefficient service they are getting they blame the panel, and are apt to forget that some at least of the present shortcomings are due to the calling up of so many doctors for war services.

Sir John Anderson, in a carefully prepared speech during the debate on the Beveridge Report, told the House that the new National Health Service would be based on " group practice in well-equipped clinical centres," and nothing that has since transpired gives any indication that the Government has changed its mind. How can the doctors of these health centres work together as a team if each is struggling against all the rest to increase the number of his panel?

When patients choose their doctor, and when —most important of all—his income depends on the number of patients that select him, the doctor is liable to be unduly influenced by the impression that he makes, to the exclusion, perhaps, of more important considerations, such as maintenance of health and rapid recovery in illness. Moreover, in a practice that depends on the " goodwill " of patients, this goodwill has always been a saleable commodity and I know of no means by which this can be prevented. For appointments in a national health service, paid for from public funds, to be sold to the highest bidder ought to be impossible in a democratic country. To extend the panel, as is suggested, would greatly increase the saleable value of panel practices, and thus increase those vested interests that are bound to make more difficult the inevitable change to a full-time, salaried health service.

The third and last recommendation, to which attention should be called, reads as follows: " That every member of the community should be free to consult the doctor of his choice either officially, as when he consults the doctor he has selected under an official service, or privately as when he consults some other doctor, whether that doctor is a member of an official service or not . . . For those persons who wish to be treated in private accommodation, whether part of a hospital or not, private consulting practice should continue as at present." This is the most dangerous proposal of all. In the view of the Council of the B.M.A., there are to be two types of practice, both for the general practitioner and the consultant, an inferior type for those who are content to pay through insurance contributions, rates and taxes, and cannot or will not pay more, and a superior sort for those who are willing to pay for it privately as well. In other words, the new health service is to be a sort of glorified Poor Law. Ill health, the most unforseeable and most undeserved of the misfortunes of life, is still to be left free for private exploitation.

But, it may be asked, will all private practice be abolished as soon as the new National Health Service comes into operation? By no means. Whenever necessary, the practitioners in the new service will be able to obtain the advice and assistance of their colleagues in the health centre of consultants from the hospital. But for many years to come there may be doctors, who, for various reasons, prefer to remain outside the national service. These will be available for consultation privately, should anyone feel uncertain whether the best possible is being done for him and desires further advice, or be unwilling to avail himself of the National Health Service. But this is a very different thing from permitting doctors employed in this service to undertake private practice. In considering the conflicting claims of patients on behalf of whom liberal and immediate payment is made, and of those for whose treatment a salary is received, it is all too easy for the doctor to decide that the needs of the former are the more urgent. If, on the other hand, it is contended that the doctor of the national service has a right to use his leisure in any way he chooses, and, after serving the nation for, say, 8 hours a day, should be allowed to see private patients, the reply must be that illness rarely conforms to an exact timetable, and that his private patients will very often need his attention at the same time as patients for whom he is officially responsible.

Finally, it may be of interest to inquire what are the views of the doctors generally, as to their future, under Assumption B of the Beveridge Report? Doctors join the B.M.A. for many and various reasons, although in many cases they disagree absolutely with its policy. This policy is determined by a majority vote at the Annual Representative Meeting, and in some cases the majorities for important decisions have been exceedingly small. There can be very little doubt that the report under consideration represents the views of the large majority of the Council of the B.M.A., but these are for the most part senior people, who have done well under existing conditions, and are terribly afraid of change.

There are about 10,000 doctors now serving with the Forces. These are mostly young men with no money invested in practices. There can be no doubt that a large majority of these will be only too glad to accept positions in the National Health Service after the war, if the conditions are fair and reasonable.

There remains for consideration the great mass of the profession, who are much overworked but doing their best under very difficult conditions. It is not easy to say exactly what they are thinking. Many are undoubtedly apprehensive of control by small and sometimes irresponsible local authorities. But if the new authorities responsible for the National Health Service are much larger, as all are agreed they must be, will not much of this apprehension disappear? The doctors will certainly make many protests, but, in my opinion, if the conditions offered them are fair and reasonable the majority will be ready to accept service.

SOMERVILLE HASTINGS, M.D., F.R.C.S.

WHAT HAPPENED IN BURMA

[This article is extracted from a pamphlet which has been published so far only in India. The author, Thein Pe, was leader of the Upper Burma Units of the National Revolutionary Party, a secret organisation which co-operated with the Japanese when they invaded Burma in 1942. He explains why he subsequently changed his mind. He escaped to India in July, 1942, when his original manuscript was written. Since then the Japanese, in an endeavour to win greater Burmese support to assist them in meeting coming invasion from the West, have declared Burma an independent State.]

WHEN the war broke out between Britain and Germany, the Japanese chose this psychologically important moment to make an agreement with the Burmese nationalists. In the strategy of the Japanese High Command, the chief concern was to block the Burma-Yunnan Road. The anti-British feelings of the Burmese nationalists made the Burmans an easy ally, and the agreements provided for the organisation of a secret National Revolutionary Party and the formation of a Burma Independence Army, first in Thailand and secondly in Tenasserim. The National Revolutionary Party was to organise insurrections in all parts of Burma to coincide with the march of the Burma Independence Army from Tenasserim. Meanwhile, the Japanese land and naval forces were to occupy the Burma Road, and supply the Burma Independence Army with arms and materials. The Mikado's Government was to recognise Burma's independence forthwith and in return to ask only for commercial preference and the right to control the Burma-Yunnan Road.

Many students and most of the Thakin Party joined the National Revolutionary Party. Thirty-two young Burmans were chosen by the Party High Command and smuggled out of Burma by the Japanese. They were given military training in Japan and Formosa, so that they could officer the Burma Independence Army and lead the insurrections.

The two years preceding the invasion of Burma were dominated by the conspiratorial activities of the N.R.P. and the punitive and preventive measures of the police. Up to December, 1941, I was not an actual member of the N.R.P., but at that time I was not without some sympathy with the misguided plan of the revolutionaries, and not without some faint belief in the secret arrangements between the N.R.P. and the Japanese. I had the definite idea that one must not be isolated from the masses, and that the masses, like a ship in a stormy sea, needed captains who could steer the ship windward, only to turn to the desired direction when the storm of pro-Fascism began to subside. Therefore I accepted the appointment, by the Supreme Council of the N.R.P., as the leader for Upper Burma. Through illegal pamphlets and secret as well as open meetings, I advocated an anti-British line. I denounced the united front with British imperialism, but at the same time I declared my suspicion of the Japanese. At that time the Fascist race theory was being embraced by an increasing number of freedom-loving Burmese. Chauvinism conjured up before the public mind memories of our Burmese Kings and dynastic founders. Burmans began to be caught unawares in the net of Japanese slogans such as "We Asiatics," "We Buddhists," "Co-Prosperity," etc. People came to forget that the Japanese Buddhist Asiatics had been ruthlessly carrying on a sanguinary and predatory war of extermination on the Asiatic soil of China.

Japan fulfilled her promises to Burma in typical Fascist fashion. The promised arms from His Imperial Majesty, the Mikado, never arrived. The order from Tokio was that Burmans must rise with pointed bamboos, spears and dahs. The Burmans were just too prudent to do that. Many of them began to question Japanese intentions. As to the independence of Burma which was to have been recognised "forthwith," the Japanese militarists followed the footsteps of their predecessors by saying "Independence is impracticable now. Some time after the war."

In June, 1942, a conference of political leaders was held at the residence of the Commander-in-chief of the Japanese Imperial forces in Burma. Independence was announced as impracticable and unthinkable during the war, and the road to freedom was marked out in four stages. First, a Preparatory Committee was to prepare the central government of Burma. Secondly, a co-operative committee was to co-operate with the Japanese military administration during the war. Thirdly, an administrative committee was to be set up with ill-defined functions and *without the time limit.* Fourthly, there was to be a provisional government. Railways, customs and currency were to be the reserved subjects of the Japanese for fifteen years. I do not know who taught them to be such learned masters at the intricate business of constitution-making.

I could not wait for the end of the labours of the committee in Burma. But the recent installing of the "new government" in Burma is obviously the results of the committee's labours. The Tokio broadcast announced the news as follows:

> The new government will work in collaboration with the Japanese military administration and the supreme power will be vested in the Japanese Commander-in-Chief. The Government will also avoid a policy which may clash with that of the Japanese military administration. The government budget and other particularly important problems will be tackled by the Japanese military administration . . . Nippon government is entirely absorbed in its war efforts . . . Burmans must learn to regard Japan's war as their war.

By now the majority of the Burman nationalists must have seen their hopes crumbling to pieces, and their mountain of hopes reduced to particles of sand and dust. Many, of course, fail to see any differences between the British and Japanese policies. While they can see plain-speaking in the Japanese policy, they cannot make out any meaning in the zig-zag of British arguments, which are too often studded with brilliant words and high-sounding phrases. Even if a Burman comes to see clearly that the Japanese do not give him more than the British, he might at first put up more easily with Japan than with Britain, because the former is an Asiatic Power which claims to be a Buddhist, and is anyway something new. If Great Britain hopes to gain the active support of the Burmese, she must capture their imagination.

To-day, Burma has a body of young leaders who must be taken into account. They are enriched by political experiences gained from their contacts with British Imperialism and with Japanese Fascism. So it can no longer be accepted as a piece of wisdom for the United Nations to regard Burmans as "fifth columnists" and opportunists, who will stage a *volte-face* the moment the Allies show a convincing proof of success, and to plan a campaign as if the people of the country were not worth taking into account. The Burmans still have many illusions about the Japanese in spite of their acts of vandalism, loot, murder and rape. For instance, most of the Burmese Independence Army still regard Colonel Minami, the Japanese Commander, as a good old man and believe that when he ardently advocates Burmese freedom, he is sincerely endeavouring to win over the Japanese military administration to his view that the Japanese Army should not be an invader but a restorer of freedom in Burma. Bo Mogyo (the Burmese name for Minami) and the advisers of the B.I.A. always wear Burmese dress and use Burmese names. And most of them look like Burmans. They have woven round themselves many superstitions which have won for them a place in the mass mind and intensified the mass illusions regarding Fascist Japan. They exploit Buddhist religion in order to consolidate Japanese power in Burma. The Emperor of Japan has contributed money to the Burma Buddhist Associations. He has given ten thousand rupees to the Shwedagon pagoda trust. Buddhist monks propagate, not the dharma of Burma, but the dharma of Japan.

All propaganda is totalitarianised. There is pre-censorship for all newspapers in Burma. The editors seem to be under the spell of the Fascist terrorism which, they must have read, is being practised in Japan itself. The newspapers, one and all, support Fascism with enthusiasm and fervour. The Anti-British sentiment of the people is intensified by all publicists, and jingoism dominates every platform.

The Burmese Independence Army, assuming the role of freedom-restorer, and relegating the Japanese army to the role of helpmates, sponsored Free Burma Administrative Committees all over the country and tried to seize all political power. The Japanese soldiers and officers, on the other hand, not giving a damn for the secret arrangements between Nationalist Burma and various groups of Japanese agents, could not allow a Free Burma Administrative Committee to function independently. In Lower Burma, where the B.I.A. arrived before the Japanese, these Free Burma Committees are more stable than those in Upper Burma where the Japs arrived before the B.I.A. In Myingyan, Shwebo, and Kyaukse, the Japanese forced the dissolution of the Committees or the inclusion of selected Japanese members. In Sagaing the B.I.A. could not form a committee. Ex-Ministers, ex-District Commissioners, and ex-this-and-thats, all ran to worship the rising sun and became Fascist props and lackeys. They promptly turned against nationalists and helped the Japanese Gestapo to round up thirty of them. The first formation of Nippon police, a Japanese Gestapo, in Burma, originated with them. Getting inspiration from Sagaing, Japanese militarists installed Nippon police in every district. These police usurped some of the powers of the B.I.A. sponsored committees. In many places the B.I.A. committee issued arms licences and the Nippon police cancelled them. The committees are ordered to give up the taxes collected by them to the Nippon police. So, generally, the committees do not collect taxes but collect donations from the public to avoid Japanese interference.

One thing is remarkable. Wherever the B.I.A. is strong, the Japanese soldiery are a little more careful in their behaviour. The Japanese officers in the neighbourhood of B.I.A. strongholds enforce discipline among their men more firmly. Armed clashes between the two often happened as a result of Japanese malpractices. Here one question arises. Do the Japanese Fascists desire to avoid such clashes? It is very hard to answer; especially when the Japanese have infiltrated *agents-provocateurs* into the B.I.A. and these agents ostensibly become anti-Japanese. One wonders if they are to create "incidents" in future.

Mr. Amery, if he is candid, should admit that it is very dangerous to wage a war against Fascism with a dissatisfied people behind him. He must know that dissatisfaction of a people who have lost their freedom for a long time and who cannot feel the ecstasy of freedom in the present, is real and not imaginary. On the other hand, Mr. Gandhi must realise that it is very dangerous to underestimate the ferocity and black-heartedness of the Fascist beasts. They are capable of catching you by the neck with your own consent and with the help of your own doctrine of *ahimsa.*

FORWARD

(*With apologies to the late Lord Tennyson.*)

RICH in fulfilment unrevealed
Another Conference concludes,
The third of pregnant interludes
Between advances in the field.

Another plan of range immense,
Unfolding with majestic pace
And broadening from base to base,
From Conference to Conference.

Another talk each talk succeeds,
Of still more universal scope,
Enshrining yet more fervent hope
One meeting to another leads,

For either on the heaving deck
Met on some favoured ocean site,
Or else upon the terraced height
Of Casablanca or Quebec,

Progressing with a widening view,
Itinerant from pole to pole,
A solar centre of control,
A migratory G.H.Q.,

Proceeding through the hemispheres
Through zones of brightness and of gloom,
In secrecy as of the tomb,
In unity too deep for tears,

As tasks of ever vaster scale
Demand more general debate,
Fraught with the load of sombre fate
Behind the veil, behind the veil,

World architects, war strategists,
They strive for mankind's utmost good,
To fuse in larger brotherhood
A world of isolationists,

Rolling along through destined grooves,
And train of cause and consequence
Towards that crowning Conference
To which the whole creation moves.

SAGITTARIUS

A LONDON DIARY

I AM not sure that the importance or the loss of John Hilton has yet been properly appreciated. He was the outstanding practitioner of a new profession which I should call "public interpreter." The job of those who enter this profession is both to tell the public what the Government is doing and to inform the Government of the public's response and further needs. To be a success at this job it is necessary for the broadcaster to have a position in society of his own right; if he is only a broadcaster he will not succeed. John Hilton tried his hand at many jobs during the thirty-two years between the days when as a young mechanic he failed through a technicality to get to Cambridge as a student, until his actual appointment at Cambridge as a Professor. He was not a great success at the Ministry of Labour and he was something of a flop as a professor and as director of Home Publicity in the Ministry of Information. He was not by nature a bureaucrat or a professor. The B.B.C.'s tribute to him got the matter right when it said that he was an artist who first discovered his audience when he began to broadcast in 1934. Technically he competes with Priestley for the honour of being the best broadcaster, and he shared with Priestley the advantage of having a Northern and not a London or Oxford accent. He worked strenuously at just those subjects which usually escape the attention of social inquirers. He knew how much money and how much anxiety went into football pools. He was intensely serious and sincere in this work of social understanding. He kept research work going on problems like Social Insurance; he always wanted to know at first-hand how such matters affect ordinary prople. With the help of four or five assistants he personally examined the contents of about 5,000 letters a week. He answered, and to my knowledge not infrequently helped out of his own pocket, countless people who wrote to him about their difficulties. The *News of the World* was quicker than the B.B.C. to see the immense importance of this representative correspondence, but the value of Hilton's work gradually became plain and the evidence he could provide of the minds and feeling of people in the factories and services and evacuation areas has had effect and will yet have more effect on the legislation of our time. His friends will have to do as best they can without John Hilton. The B.B.C. will have to look for a substitute. For this job of broadcasting about the real interests of ordinary people in a way that strikes everyone as being fair, friendly and yet authoritative is an essential public service in our new kind of society. This public interpreter must be a civilian. In the Services he must command confidence as an honest man, but it is essential that he should be in a position to speak freely about the private difficulties and grievances of men and women in the Services. It will be hard to find a substitute, for, speaking on the Forces programme during the period of the popular Children's Hour on the Home service, I believe it is estimated that Hilton's audience was as much as nine million, and numerous soldiers and airmen would confirm the testimony of an A.T.S. girl, who remarked the other day that she and her unit always gathered round the loud-speaker when John Hilton was talking, because he understood what they were worrying about and could tell them what to do about it.

* * *

"Thirty years ago," H. N. Brailsford told me, "in the company of the late Professor Miliukov, my colleague on the Carnegie Commission which investigated the Balkan Wars, I met Prince Boris and his father in the King's famous botanical garden just outside Sofia. I talked with the young prince for half-an-hour. He showed me some of the treasures of the garden and I recounted to him some of my queer adventures. But that is all I remember of him. He struck me as a rather modest young man with pleasant manners, intelligent, but in no way remarkable. I could not then see in him a trace of resemblance to his mad, brilliant father. He was, I suppose, overshadowed by that superb egoist. Later in life, amid the dangers of a Balkan throne, the heritage asserted itself and to-day, when I look at his photographs, I can see something both in the eyes and the nose that recalls my vivid memory of King Ferdinand. My talk with him I shall not easily forget. He took my arm and set himself—goodness knows why—to entertain me, which he did, with a good deal of wit, in exquisite French. He gave character sketches of several of his fellow kings, including an absurd imitation of the toothless King Peter of Serbia. Constantine of Greece he dismissed as merely stupid. I gathered that the politics of Europe revolved around the jealousy which the Kaiser felt, when he contemplated the distinction King Ferdinand, the botanist, had won in the realms of science. Finally, the royal megalomaniac led me up to the top of a little hill from which we could see the rich plain round Sofia spreading before us. He swept his outstretched arm across the horizon and exclaimed *Voilà mon oeuvre*."

* * *

On Friday, August 27th, the *Daily Mail* published a long editorial on the need for maintaining private enterprise. By way of illustrating the danger it quoted a passage from a recent speech made by H. J. Laski. Laski, it said, appealed to "the British working-class to embrace the opportunity shortly to be offered to them," and added:

> They are a new departure; they involve an element of compulsion and of regulation which is unusual in our happy-go-lucky English life. The opportunity may never return.

The *Daily Mail* asked its readers to mark the word "opportunity," which was, in its view, opportunity for the Englishman to be so ordered, regulated, and compelled that he will be made to see the error of his happy-go-lucky ways and become the standardised bureaucratic unit. Well, well, maybe. But the quotation from H. J. Laski was not in fact Laski's. He was quoting an earlier advocate of social security. Every word quoted in the *Mail's* article came from *Mr. Churchill's famous speech on social insurance given at Manchester on May* 23rd, 1909.

* * *

I found Mr. Lloyd George looking more patriarchal, but as fit as ever. It was at Churt, and after talking politics and comparing the mistakes of 1918-19 with the probable errors at the end of this war, we went to see his apple orchards. I can find no words for them. England has, I believe, no others to equal them. The acres of apples, in which Cox's Orange Pippins predominate, are a splendid and astonishing sight. Trees could not carry more or more perfect apples. But the really remarkable fact about them you only realise as you notice that the paths between the orchards are made of sand, as loose and good for digging as the sand on the seashore. It is out of this sand that these gloriously laden trees are growing. For years people told Mr. Lloyd George he was a fool to spend money on this hopeless soil. Now it is the pessimists who look foolish. The lesson? Why, he asked me with the emphasis that he alone can command, does the State not take over derelict land (his land was much of it quite derelict) and turn it into food and revenue?

* * *

The *Economist*, the first issue of which appeared on September 2nd, 1843, has a right to be proud of its record. Amongst several reasons for pride I note particularly the fact that it was once edited by Walter Bagehot, one of the most original and lively thinkers of the nineteenth century. I never think of him as an economist—indeed, I have never read *Lombard Street*—but as the man who first applied psychological insight and sociological knowledge to the study of British institutions. The centenary volume, *The Economist* 1843-1943, published this week by the Oxford University Press, contains an essay on Bagehot by Francis Hirst, who was himself editor from 1907-1916, and in addition to a number of chapters dealing with the specifically economic sides of the *Economist*, there are chapters on the politics and foreign policy of the paper, one on the *Economist* as a source for the historian by Professor Clapham, and two introductory chapters by Mr. Geoffrey Crowther and his assistant editor. Mr. Crowther is quite justified in emphasising the *Economist's* political significance. No doubt its politics have always been to some degree conditioned by its predominantly economic appeal and City information and advertising. But Bagehot and others responsible for its policy have been no dry-as-dusts. Its chief value has always been its accurate and readable presentation of economic facts, but it has also, especially in recent years, developed a tendency to think in ways and methods that City opinion does not readily appreciate.

* * *

> Measures have also been taken for the quick removal of corpses from the streets, and for the prompt treatment in hospital of men found in a state of collapse through starvation.

The reader shall have three guesses. Where does this ghastly picture come from? Kharkov after the Nazis quit? Hamburg after a week of raids? A Greek town? No, it came from Calcutta under British rule. It is from a telegram of the semi-official Reuter dated August 22nd, and I am taking it from a weekly official news circular. This state of famine has now lasted in various parts of India for over a year. Yet I read in the same publication that a maximum price for rice was fixed in Bengal only on August 20th, while rationing will not begin till October 1st. If the bureaucracy cared as much for the welfare of the Indian masses as it cares for "law and order," what a well-governed Peninsula this would be.

* * *

A friend who responded to a request for books for sailors has sent me a copy of a letter from the Sea War Library Service. The secretary explains that political books are not desired. Now why in the name of democracy or any other name for decency should sailors not receive political literature? Are not those who are cut off from newspapers and current talk just the very people who most need topical and controversial literature? When were sailors disfranchised?

* * *

I take this story from the Bulletin that deals with the affairs of C.O.s in this war. A C.O., who did not want to tell the Food Officer that he had been imprisoned, said he had been "away" for three months. The clerk wanted to know why his coupons had not been cancelled. The C.O. explained that he had had his rations all right, but he had "left it to the people I was staying with to mark up the book." The matter was reported to a higher official who said: "This is a very serious matter. These coupons ought to have been cancelled. Do you know that the people you've been staying with could be sent to prison for that?"

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Frank Hardie.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Society of Genealogists: Mr. Percival Boyd on "Who was Adam's father?"—Advt. in *Times*.

The New Forest Pony Stallion "Lansdury" will only stand at home, owing to some evil-minded person having for the time being disfigured him by cutting his tail.—Advt. in *Montgomery County Times*

Exchange toy spaniel for second-hand sheets, towels, underwear; Service man's wife (refined).—Advt. in *Glasgow Herald*.

WTD., Lady Teacher, girls aged 12, private school, qualifications unnecessary.—Ad. in *Liverpool Echo.*

P.C. Crisby said that at 5.35 a.m. that day he saw prisoner leave 8, Cornwall Gardens and walk down the road. He was in the nude except for a pair of socks. Witness followed him and stopped him in Gloucester Road. Asked what he thought he was doing, prisoner replied that he went out to look at the clock on the corner.—*West London Press.*

AN ACTOR TO THE CRITICS

This is written a few hours after the curtain has fallen for the last time on the first production of Peter Ustinov's comedy, *Blow Your Own Trumpet*, played for two successful weeks in Liverpool and thirteen performances in London.

We had thought it unlikely that the play would achieve a commercial success. The characters were all what are known as "failures," and the so-called practical mind does not contemplate "failures" with equanimity. Also the spirit of the age, as always, operates relentlessly, though seldom predictably. Charles Lamb remarks, in effect, that in his day audiences came to the theatre to be shown how good they were, and that therefore moral, uplifting dramas, came into fashion. To-day audiences show a greater diversity in their choice of diversion. But it is noticeable that we like to be told how "tough" we are.

Ustinov's play was not "tough." It was set in wartime London, yet the war was treated on the same plane of fantasy as the characters were treated. The author could easily have avoided the difficulty of treating the war fantastically by following the example of half a dozen successful comedies in which war is not merely a fantasy but quite simply does not exist. One critic went so far as to suggest that the characters should all have been doing war work, which is the equivalent of saying that Hamlet should have killed the King in Act One, or that Anthony should have had the good sense to keep out of Cleopatra's reach. William Poel, writing of the "failure" of the first performances of *Misalliance, The Madras House, She Stoops to Conquer* and *The Rivals* remarks: "For the critics to assume, as they do, that the author is not conscious of the dramatic limitations imposed on him by his choice of subject is an impertinence." In any case, our highest hopes were for a success of not inpecunious esteem. But it did not seem possible, whatever the imperfections of the play or of its interpretation, that its quality could be denied.

It was denied. At least in London it was. The Liverpool audiences and critics enjoyed the play, it did good business and the performances were propelled by a gale of laughter. There is a popular fallacy that provincial audiences are less critical than London audiences. I do not myself believe this is true to-day.

So that one is forced to ask: was there some other reason why the play failed so completely in London? There was: it received an almost unanimously damning press. It was damned roundly; or worse, with faint praise. Reading the reviews of this play, the average playgoer must have decided that it was dull and immature. An ill-considered interview, in which the author is reported to have said that the play was written in three days, and a not exactly graceful curtain speech, may have provoked some of the spleen which was almost everywhere apparent and nowhere more apparent than in the papers which had given perhaps extravagant praise to the author's first play. Maybe he did write down the first draft in three days. But it does not follow that it was composed in three days. An author can carry a theme in his mind for years. But be that as it may.

For what I am driving at is not to excuse the failure of a production in which I have been concerned, but to appeal to the critics as a body to aid, and not to hinder, the renaissance in the theatre which we, as much as they, desire, and which cannot occur without new writers. The theatre is no more likely to reconstitute itself during a period of transition, and in the middle of a war, than society, of which it is the mirror, will reconstitute itself. But I see in the theatre considerable signs that actors, directors and designers of all generations are determined that the future shall be better than the past, if it lies in their power to make it so. The forces against them are strong. Big business, in the form of cliques, rings, monopolies, small bands of business men with no real interest in the theatre beyond the money they can extort, and do extort, from it, besiege us at every turn. Many theatres have fallen into the hands of a few men who are "smash-hit" minded. They do not care much what they put into their theatres provided they can take more, much more, out.

It is a moment when a truce in the centuries' old fictitious battle between artists and critics should be proclaimed. I say fictitious battle, since the artists, either out of timidity or pride, never give fight. Not a battle at all, but a state of war, even if undeclared.

Then may we not proclaim such a truce and join forces? The artists rely on the critics to help sell their work. The critics, as such, would not exist if that work were not there for them to criticise.

But do the majority of dramatic critics criticise? By no means. The order of the day seems to be to write something sufficiently sensational or amusing or rude to arrest the attention of the greatest number of readers, and so justify the writer's place and space as a journalist. But good "copy" is not necessarily good criticism, or even adequate criticism. Hazlitt, in that small treasure-house of worldly wisdom, his *Table Talk*, sums the matter up when he says: "To win over the public opinion by fair means is to them an insipid, commonplace mode of popularity."

And what are the plays which best suit this method of making good copy? The *Quiet-Week-ends?* The *Claudias?* The *Men who came to Dinners?* The *Junior Misses?* The farces of to-day and yesteryear? Not at all. All these, whatever their merits—and I am not denying them—are applauded almost unanimously, provided their box-office *success* is evident. The first-night atmosphere of such smash-hits seems to carry all before it.

Now I am not saying that they should condemn these plays, or that their obvious popularity should temper the critics' enthusiasm. But what is the critical tone of the same critics towards some play of more serious intentions? Unless it has the ingredients of a best-seller, and unless it hits its target squarely, and on the first night too, it is judged more severely, and trounced more rudely, than any of the more frivolous pieces listed above. In view of the clamour that some of the press has been making against what is called a "spate of revivals" (in a tone which suggests that the public has been fed on masterpieces, week in, week out, for years, and is surfeited with them) it is sadly amusing to notice how frivolously the same critics will condemn a new play, and in almost the same breath cry out for new, original writers.

Lest it be supposed that I am saying all this out of pique because of the failure of a piece of work in which I was concerned, may I be allowed to remark that I said the same thing, in effect, early in 1939, at a dinner at the Critics' Circle, when I had the honour to respond for the players? I had prepared my sober, conventional little speech; but the provocative remarks of the President, who taunted me with a rumour that I was about to leave for Hollywood, and the dinner-table badinage of my neighbour, as well as a certain resentment at the recent failure of Michel St. Denis' season, all provoked me to tear up my set speech and lunge out, impromptu, into a halting, humourless and somewhat rude tirade against the critics' attitude towards the serious drama. I do not remember exactly what I said, but what I intended to convey, amongst other things, was that if, like other British actors, I left for America (which I had no intention of doing) one of the reasons would be that the English critics gave the artists small help in their fight for a better theatre, and that in America the theatre and theatrical criticism are treated seriously.

Now I am aware that the Critics' Circle is not a trade union. If it still exists, however, in any practical form, may I suggest that it convene at an early date to consider whether there is not some grain of truth in these remarks? May I also suggest to its president that certain reforms be discussed; reforms which, I believe, would give dignity to the Critics' Circle as well as to the art it serves? I suggest the following as a rough agenda:

(1) That all criticisms should be signed.

(2) That all other daily papers follow the lead of the *Evening Standard* and reserve space for theatre reviews till the Saturday. This gives the critic time to decide which show deserves what space and gives him time to write, and rewrite, accordingly. It also saves space. Most papers have adopted the practice of reviewing films on one day each week. The same could be done for plays.

(3) That facetious headlines, making fun of the play (usually composed by a sub-editor, I am told), should be barred—for it is too easy to mock at plays' titles or at certain lines.

(4) That, in their weekly review, critics should write briefly of some show already reviewed in full, to report how well the standard of playing is maintained or improved since the first night. This would be the greatest help to us.

(5) Whereas, ideally, each player should have achieved a certain standard of performance before appearing in public, any test of this, in an unorganised theatre, is not practicable. Perhaps the Critics' Circle has not the organisation to impose a similar test on its members. It may be that the mere idea would seem to them childish or fill them with comradely embarrassment. If so, I suggest no more than that they ask themselves when last they read their Hazlitt, or dipped into the theatrical criticism of Shaw, Max, Montague, or George Henry Lewes, to name only a few of their predecessors in England? When last, for instance, did they read Lewes's advice to critics, in which he says that it is dangerous to condemn too easily a performance on which a player of talent has spent at least some weeks' work? In the same book (*On Actors and Acting*) Lewes laments the decline of acting in his day, a lament only surprising to anyone who has not observed that every great critic since Lamb has mourned the passing of the idols of his youth, when his head was less wise but his heart more warm. The heart is as necessary to criticism as to creation.

To conclude. As Marie Tempest once remarked: If an actor tells you he does not read his notices you may tell him he is a liar. Actors not only read criticisms but often (whatever they may say) profit by them. Our vanity is not, as a rule, of an impervious nature, our air of self-confidence only too often assumed as protection.

But the nature of a player is beyond my province and on this subject of his over-sensitivity and what I believe the psychologists would call the over-compensation of his behaviour, I would remark only that he lives from job to job, often in the financial sense, and always in the sense that his imagination is for weeks on end bent up to the creation of a little illusory world, a world which, if it is to enthrall his spectators, must seem to him for the time being more real than the world they live in. The creation may succeed, and it may enthrall. But for various reasons, none necessarily the fault of the actor, too few spectators may arrive to be enthralled. The chances and changes of "this life of illuminated emotion" (as Jefferson, the American actor, called it) are accepted by most players in varying degrees of Micawberish fortitude. But a thoughtless adjective, a phrase from an esteemed critic rebuking him for not doing something which he was quite deliberately not trying to do, these may rankle for months and are sometimes never forgotten. "To great evils we submit, we resent little provocations." (Hazlitt again.) We are not asking for the milk and water criticisms of the parish or school magazines; rather that professional work be judged professionally.

MICHAEL REDGRAVE

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Portrait and Character" and "Recording Britain," both at the National Gallery

The Warburg Institute has arranged for C.E.M.A. an exhibition of photographs to illustrate the aims and methods of the portrait-painter. Visible at the National Gallery till September 11th, the show has already been be taken on tour, and indeed it is excellently planned to interest the public. Portraits of every style from the Roman to the Cubist have been well chosen as examples of characterisation, and there are details of eyes, mouths and hands. Nor are the various methods of composition neglected. It might have been useful to include more specimens of bad and merely fashionable portraiture, and the note on photographic portraits is misleading, for the photographer can by elaborate lighting entirely distort the modelling of a head. But the exhibition is both enjoyable and instructive.

In the basement of the National Gallery there is the third and, we deeply regret to learn, last exhibition of "Recording Britain"—water colours commissioned with the generous help of the Pilgrim Trust. Some of the exhibits are pathetically feeble: one must hope, for instance, that Mr. V. Fairclough is not here at the top of his form. But a large proportion of the works achieve admirably their purpose. If Kenneth Rowntree is the most successful, John Piper, Louisa Puller, Frances Macdonald, Eve Kirk and Ruskin Spear have all produced just what is wanted. Phyllis Ginger, a name new to us, depicts Cheltenham in elegant *pastiche.* It will be a public misfortune if this admirable project is not continued.

THE MOVIES

"Watch on the Rhine," at Warner's and Regal
"Preparation for Invasion," March of Time

There can be two points of view about *Watch on the Rhine.* The first is that as a film, with the combination Lillian Hellman-Bette Davis, it falls short of *The Little Foxes.* You won't find here the solid background and characterisation, the slow tension, the superb camera-work which made *The Little Foxes* as successful a transference from stage to screen as has been achieved in years. *Watch on the Rhine,* I suspect, contains more weaknesses as a play; certainly it makes a less effective film. Miss Davis, in one of her quieter roles, as the wife of a German anti-Nazi, seems at times unable to gauge the tension and even at one moment lets drop a stage whisper when a sharp aside is all that is wanted. Then the American family on whom the European struggle descends in the form of a clash between two sets of relatives, both refugees from Europe, but one anti-Nazi and the other fishing for big money and betrayals, is rather laboriously sketched in; the film starts slowly and not very skilfully. And the refugee children, with their phrase-book American, are puppets. That, however, is the extent of my complaints. Where the director, Herman Shumlin, has shown his strength is in conveying coolly and passionately the realities of the underground struggle, which to most people—and particularly to film-fans—is an excuse for melodrama and nothing more. Paul Lukas gives an admirable and moving performance in the part of the anti-Nazi leader; his tired looks, the grim and empty faith that goes with broken hands, the icy nightmare of waiting to go back to a conflict which never ceases for a moment in the brain, convince one on the level of Köstler's writing. That is the achievement—a considerable one, as war films go—of *Watch on the Rhine,* and we must be grateful to the director for giving us an insight into conflicts more remote, for many cinema-goers, than China. It is only a pity that he hasn't a firmer grasp on the situation that embodies his theme.

With its ninth year March of Time introduces its Voice in the flesh. He sits at a table with three experts and discusses the invasion of Europe. How is it to be done? Maps show the possible points of attack; nothing is said about political warfare; but we are given a bristling idea of the problems of supply. Not only tanks and landing craft, but invasion currency and plans for the administration of Allied-occupied areas, are involved. The Voice tells us as much about what we want to know at the moment as, say, the Prime Minister.

William Whitebait

POONA HOSPITAL

The sun has sucked and beat the encircling hills
Into gaunt skeletons; the sick men watch
Soft shadows warm those homes of rock,
And the barefooted peasants winding back,
Sad withered loins in hanging dirty folds,
Mute sweepings from the disappointed streets,
Old shrunken tribes the starving dusk enfolds.
The wind sweeps up the rifle range and blows
The Parsis' long white robes, there where they go
Under the wheeling kites, bearing a corpse
To the high tower that the vultures know.

And from the polished ward where men lie ill
Thought rubs clean through the frayed cloth of the will,
Piercing the slow estrangement of disease,
And breaks into a state of blinding light
Where Now is a salt pillar, still and white,
And there are no familiar words or features
Nor blood nor tears no joy nor living creatures,
A void where Pain demands no cheap release
But white and rigid freezes into peace,
And mind lies coiled within green icebound streams
And sheds the stippled scales of ancient dreams.

And by that Arctic silence overawed
The mind crawls wounded from the lidless God,
And broods again the hope that has no food
But lives amongst the evil and the good,
Biding its time amongst the lives that fail
While darkness crowds its dark piratic sail.
Yet in the garden of the hospital
The moonlight spills and sings in a stone pool,
Allowing those who loiter to recall
That which the whiplash sun drove out of bounds—
The heart's calm voice that stills the baying hounds.

Alun Lewis

Correspondence

REACTION'S RENAISSANCE

Sir,—You justly persist in stressing the present remarkable recovery of morale amongst our reactionaries as fear has receded. Certainly, the New Statesman and Nation has itself never been so naive as to expect otherwise, and its purging weekly dose of cynicism as to the Tories' real hopes and intentions should have preserved us, its public, from dangerous thoughts about any permanent change of heart in high places.

Yet some of us weaker brethren had our secret hopes that this time it might after all be different, that perhaps the scare really had been bad enough, that self-interest might for once prove really enlightened, and so on.

But now it certainly does look as though we must at last squarely face the fact of hard-faced opposition to any sort of genuine new deal. For much of the war I have been addressing audiences, forces and civil, technical and lay, on physical reconstruction and planning, the provision of a favourable setting to civilised living. Now, "Planning"—consumer planning and the disciplines that it implies—is pretty generally accepted. The goods are now sold all right, but having in the past asked endless pertinent questions about the details of planning as it would affect themselves, people are now more concerned as to the prospects of actual delivery and the good faith of the firm that originally advertised the goods and solicited support.

What can one say but that the Government must, at one time, have had serious intentions, or it could scarcely, for example, have itself asked for the Barlow, Scott and Uthwatt Reports?

But pressed as to their fate one has to admit that though the Government protests that it is most assiduously sitting on them, no hatching out seems in prospect, and as the fertility of the clutch is not in doubt, one can only infer that for all its clucking and motherly posturing, the Government is no longer really broody.

At every major cross-road of physical reconstruction the Government controls the lights, and there we are, all blocked and frustrated by the total absence of any positive signal.

Still too dubiously hesitant to give us either the Green or the Red, it maintains a perpetual Yellow, in which ambiguous light the planning jam piles dangerously up and up with never a hint as to whether the awaited signal, when it does come, will be "Go" or "Stop."

Even such planning as can now be attempted under these paralysing conditions must remain quite unrealistic, if not largely farcical, until we are given clear and coherent directions from the only place they can come from—the top.

Portmeirion. Clough Williams-Ellis.

CARROTS AND RED HERRINGS

Sir,—With what seems to the average Englishman the end of the war coming into sight, there is a significant change of tone in many of the national newspapers. The accent has come off reform and on to revenge.

The only way to eke the greatest effort out of the nation was, at one time, to hold the juicy carrot of Security in front of the donkey. Now, as the time approaches when the donkey is getting hungry, a little diversion has been deemed necessary, and it is appearing in the guise of what has come to be known as Vansittartism.

From the Northcliffe group (*Daily Mail, Evening News, Sunday Dispatch*) we expected it. Since their conversion from admiration for Hitler and his British imitators, there has been no louder appellant for "giving the Germans a taste of their own medicine" than these three papers. Neither the *Daily Sketch* nor the *Daily Mirror* took us by surprise when they joined the chorus. The former belongs to Lord Kemsley and the rest of his group (*Sunday Graphic, Sunday Chronicle, Sunday Times* and sundry provincial papers) have been long converted. The *Daily Mirror,* a special case, employs the word "Hun" wherever possible, and squeezes as many atrocity stories as it can between pictures and strip-cartoons.

But the most interesting of all the groups in this respect has been that of Lord Beaverbrook's press. Previously sane, at least on this point, the *Sunday Express,* in its issue of August 29th, finally gives way to growing pressure and comes out strongly for the Vansittart view.

In a leading article headed "What about Us?" they lament the fact that Germans may be treated humanely. On the subject of sending doctors to occupied territory this article says, "Much of what is planned and done is sentimentalism gone crazy. . . . Whatever the Germans are about to suffer they brought upon themselves."

Elsewhere in the paper there is an anonymous writer who calls himself "A Surgeon" expostulating in a headline "*This is your good kind German! A brute to animals and men alike.*" After outlining several terror tales he goes on to say, "Germany the eternal aggressor must always be kept in a state of impotence. Total and permanent subjugation of Germany by peace-loving countries is the only formula for peace in Europe."

On other pages the *Sunday Express* laments that a 1918 candidate with a Kill Germany programme failed to get elected, naïvely believing, apparently, that this would have averted a second world war. The humour of Nat Gubbins is employed to ridicule the sympathetic; and as a final touch they select as the Reader's Letter most deserving of prominence one about German music. "*Must our concert music be all German?*" cries the despairing sub-editor.

Thus is the donkey made to forget the carrot. If the public can be made to pay full attention to revenge perhaps they will forget about Beveridge and the rest. So look out for capitalists' big guns—and have our ammunition ready. Elkan Allan

5 Penshurst Court,
Edgware.

WAR PENSIONS

Sir,—In your issue of the 21st August, the Public Relations Officer at the Ministry of Pensions points out that my letter in your issue of August 7th was based on a misunderstanding of the Government's White Paper. He says that Articles 18, 19 and 20 of the White Paper, dealing with seriously disabled unemployable pensioners, apply equally to officers and "other ranks," whereas I had supposed that officers were excluded from the benefits described therein. I am very glad of this authoritative assurance.

In Articles 18/20, the term "men" and "man" is invariably used, and the only case quoted is that of a private soldier. In the heading, the words "pensions of seriously disabled pensioners" are used.

Appendix A reads, "Pensions, &c., for Men and their Dependants. Rates of 100 per cent. Disability Pension." This table deals solely with "other ranks." Appendix B reads, "Pensions, &c., for Officers and their Dependants. Rates of Disability Retired Pay for Non-regular Officers." Not only is the distinction between men and officers very clearly drawn, but whereas men receive disability pensions, and are therefore pensioners, officers receive Disability Retired Pay. Furthermore, under heading 1X—Officers' Family Allowances—the only heading dealing exclusively with officers, no reference whatever is made to these new benefits. Hence my misunderstanding of that which was in the mind of the Minister of Pensions.

And does "men" also mean "women," or is no extra provision to be made for seriously disabled unemployable nurses, women officers and women members (other ranks), single or married? Their chance of marriage would be negligible, and the extra ten shillings a week given to "men," badly needed, for their pensions are appreciably lower than the pensions of their male equivalents in rank, with the sole exception of private soldiers. In the lowest rank of all, equality is admitted.

I hope that the utmost publicity will be given to this matter, and that the Ministry will inform all appropriate disabled Service personnel of their new rights.

Presumably the children of seriously disabled unemployable "all ranks" who marry after disablement, will now be entitled to Education Allowances? Appendix D General says, "Educational Allowances for Children, Officers and Other Ranks. Maximum annual rate £50." Perhaps Mr. Byron will be good enough to answer this very important question, and so save the risk of further misunderstanding?

Freshwater, I.W. JACK MAUNDER

TRAINING OF TEACHERS

SIR,—In the course of some interesting observations on *The Education of the Countryman* in your issue for August 21st, Mr. Henry Morris expressed the hopes and reservations of at least one reader and very probably of many who may not have seen his review. I venture to recall a phrase or two: "We await the genius who will have the courage frankly to educate the adolescent in terms of his experience and instincts." "The prospect is a grand one—if we can get the educators. That problem is immense." Mr. Morris realises that teachers are not being properly educated, and he diagnoses the "characteristic weakness" when he says: "The control of public education, both at the centre and locally, is administrative rather than cultural." He then suggests that the universities of Britain should share with the Local Authorities the responsibility for the education and culture of the whole community of the surrounding region—from the school to the adult stage.

An excellent ideal but, as an immediately practical suggestion, rather puzzling to one who has spent over thirty years in universities and whose experience convinces him of their present unpreparedness to envisage or implement so useful a task. Why? Because the universities themselves suffer from precisely the same weakness as characterises the other educational authorities. The universities as such have no educational policy. The central academic bodies, Senates, Faculties, etc., act for the most part as functions of the administration; while the departments, however good individually, are too isolated one from another to join in any scheme of educational reform. One can remain a potential optimist only on condition that someone or something—Mr. Morris's "genius" or enlightened public opinion—can persuade or oblige these institutions to rise to the level of their opportunities. Otherwise they will almost certainly be found to discourage or obstruct effective planning and progress through their inadequate modes of preparing those who are going to staff the schools of the future.

10 Brynteg Terrace P. MANSELL JONES
Bangor.

EQUAL CITIZENSHIP

SIR,—We all want our democracy to be made perfect after the war. It cannot be if the nation contains subservient classes. It is not generally realised that women are in a second class category in over thirty laws upon the Statute Book. They are not allowed to assume their full stature as citizens, being subordinate in the matter of their British nationality, their liability to income tax, their claim to their savings, voluntary or compulsory, their position under national insurance and their opportunities, conditions and pay as employed persons.

It is essential that the principle should be established, once and for all, that every citizen should be upon the same footing before the law, irrespective not only of creed, class or colour, but irrespective also of sex.

It is therefore opportune that the Women's Publicity Planning Association has launched a campaign to demand of the Government the adoption of an Equal Citizenship (Blanket) Bill designed to free our laws and regulations, both present and future, of sex discrimination. Men and women of many different sections are offering their cordial support. A descriptive folder 3*d*. and the full text of the amendments can be had for 1*s*. 8*d*. post free.

Some of the laws put a burden upon men rather than a handicap upon women. In drafting the amendments which this simple three-clause Bill would involve in the present law, the plan is to raise the legal status of the sex which is in a disadvantageous position to the level of the sex having the advantage in our present law.

A campaign will open at a Mass Meeting held in the Central Hall, Westminster, on Saturday, September 4th at 2.30 p.m. (doors open at 1.30 p.m.) Speakers: Mrs. Corbett Ashby, Miss Vera Brittain, Miss Constance Colwill, Ald. A. Emil Davies, L.C.C., Miss Dorothy Evans, Dr. J. J. Mallon, Dr. E. Summerskill, M.P.

In the Chair: Mrs. Rebecca D. Sieff.

Admission free. Reserved seats 2*s*. 6*d*. and 1*s*. from Campaign Headquarters, 14 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

EMMELINE PETHICK LAWRENCE,
National President of the Six Point Group.
DOROTHY EVANS,
National Organiser of Women's Publicity Planning Association.

THE CASE OF THE HOMOSEXUAL

SIR,—The Home Secretary promises us improved conditions for the psychological treatment of prisoners after the war. It may be anticipated that homosexuals will form a large proportion of those on whom he wishes to experiment, in spite of public assertions made by such experts as Dr. Kenneth Hall, that cure is impossible. His time would be far more profitably employed in revising the mediæval and monstrously cruel laws which he now administers against these unfortunate people. It is the law which inflicts most of the psychological damage. What the Home Secretary proposes to do is akin to giving a patient a pound of arsenic with one hand, and treating him for chilblains with the other.

Homosexuals are either (*a*) a congenital variation of the human species or (*b*) are suffering from some post-natal mental disturbance. Most experts now consider that they belong to the former category, but in either case, except for the protection of children and public decency, prosecution is illogical and cruel. The legal penalty is barbarous, and the lengthy trial at assizes is generally preceded by periods of solitary confinement on remand. Imagine the effect of such treatment upon a mental invalid. In fact, only the strong-minded or hopelessly depraved, survive. Complete mental breakdown follows. I know of three cases of suicide this year caused by this terrible threat, and there must have been many more outside my ken. It is not psychology which is required, but common humanity, and the public inquiry so resolutely refused by the authorities.

One would have thought that the Christian churches would have made a move in this matter, but, although the facts have been constantly brought to the notice of their leaders, they seem impotent. Surely it is time that the general public demanded a revision of the law on the lines of the Code Napoleon, accepted by most civilised countries a century ago.

Bath. R. D. REID

BROADCASTING

SIR,—May we be spared the horrors of commercially sponsored radio programmes! Like your correspondent, I should loathe the performance of a Beethoven string quartet against a background of some of the more squalid human ailments and their panacea, but, since you are giving some very timely publicity to the virtues and vices of B.B.C. programmes, may I enter a plea on behalf of that not inconsiderable body of listeners for whom chamber music is the supreme form of musical expression?

How often are we privileged to hear on the radio a string quartet, classical or modern? Our chances of doing so are certainly increased if we are prepared to sit up until midnight or can take an occasional half-holiday. Any analysis of B.B.C. programmes would show that of the small percentage of chamber music presented (and I include gramophone recordings) the great majority is performed at hours when the average potential listener is either at work or in bed and asleep.

I cannot recall that on any occasion have the B.B.C. presented a programme of string quartets comparable in scope with their orchestral concerts. If we are very lucky we might be privileged to hear one quartet sandwiched between a performance by a popular dance band and the nine o'clock news.

Is there any really valid reason why we should not be offered, at least once a month, and between the hours of 7.30 and 9 p.m., a concert of chamber music consisting of at least two major works?

15 Woodlands, HAROLD F. S. HEWITT
Raynes Park,
S.W.20.

RELIGION AND SEX JOKES

SIR,—Mr. Sells of Nottingham is leading you up a *cul de sac*. He says that Mr. Woodifield "by joking about his God, the Mass, plus jokes on mothers-in-law (*sic*) and sex, is just showing subconsciously his contempt for that in which he believes he believes."

There are, I believe, many persons who find mothers-in-law funny. Does this mean that they do not believe in them? And does every joke about sex imply a contempt for it? The only possible conclusion from Mr. Sells's peculiar premises is that nobody believes in anything at all or has a respect for anything—except the Plymouth Brethren and (perhaps) Hitler. *They* never laugh, even at themselves, and therefore have the monopoly of self-respect, self-confidence, etc., as prescribed in other words by Alfred Tennyson.

Which is absurd, as Euclid says. And if so, why the hell should the Kingdom of Heaven be the one realm where a thing can't be funny and true at the same moment? As Chesterton said (once more!) what could be funnier than walking on two legs? But when a man says to me: "I'm not joking," I always make a guess that it's because he's lying.

Oak Cottage, REGINALD REYNOLDS
Burghley Road, S.W.19.

SIR,—Mr. Sells seems to have the "either—or" type of mind. *Either* a subject is a serious one *or* it is a fit subject for humour. My point is, of course, that every essentially serious subject is also a fit subject for humour, and that religion and sex are not excluded from that general rule—as many religious people, including, to my regret and surprise, Dr. Temple, say they are.

I thank Mr. Sells for interpreting to me my subconsciousness. R. WOODIFIELD

Belsize Park,
N.W.3.

A POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION to any address in the world, costs: Yearly, 32*s*. 6*d*. Six months, 16*s*. 3*d*. Three months, 8*s*. 6*d*. New subscriptions at present only accepted from overseas readers.

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS allow readers to post this paper to any part of the British Empire (excepting Eire and Northern Ireland) and to any country of the American Continent (excepting dependencies of enemy-occupied countries) but readers are advised to consult a Post Office or a newsagent before attempting to post elsewhere.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

A cloud of dust rises from the flinty road and chokes the glossy Kentish greenery. From the middle of the moving cloud come the ejaculations of an unhandy driver, the clopper of horses' hooves, the rumble of a wagonette or trap. One catches the flash of a top hat. One smells horse manure and beer. And one hears that peculiar English spoken by the lower middle classes, a language in which the syllable "-ing" always becomes "-ink," and which is enlivened by cries of "Crikey" and "Golly." The accent is despairing, narrow-vowelled yet truculent, with something of the cheap-jack and Sunday League in it, and it is broken by a voice not quite so common which says things like, "We're not the finished thing. We're one of Nature's experiments, see. We're just the beginning." And then—I don't quite know why—there is a crash. Over goes the wagonette, the party inside hit out with their fists, noses bleed, eyes are blackened. Most surprising, a nearby house catches fire. Do not alarm yourselves. The time is the late Nineties and you have simply been watching the outing of a group of early H. G. Wells' characters who have become suddenly aware that science is radically changing the human environment. No Frenchified or Russianised fiction this, but plain, cheerful, vulgar, stoic, stupid and hopelessly romantic English. It is as English as the hoardings.

There are always fist-fights and fires in the early Wells. Above all, there are fires. They occur, as far as I remember, in all the scientific romances except *The Island of Dr. Moreau*—a very pessimistic book—and are an ingredient of the Wellsian optimism, an optimism whose other name, I fear, is ruthlessness. I have lately read all those scientific books from *The Time Machine* to *The War in the Air* and it has been a refreshing experience. There was a time, one realises, when science was fun. For the food of the gods is more entertaining than the prosaic efficacy of vitamins; the tripods of the Martians are more engaging than tanks. And then, here you have Wells at his best, eagerly displaying the creative imagination, first with the news and at play, with an artist's innocence. Here you see his intoxicated response, which none of his contemporaries had, to the situation of his time, and here you meet his mastery of the art of story-telling, the bounce and resource of it. And here in these early books you catch Wells in the act, his very characteristic act, of breaking down mean barriers and setting you free. He has burst out himself and he wants everyone else to do the same. "Why," cries the engineer in *The Food of the Gods* —the poorest of these books—"Why shouldn't we do what we want?"

For that matter, I have never read any book by H. G. Wells, early or late, which did not at once give me an exhilarating sense of personal freedom. Every inhibition I ever had faded from me as I read. Of course, after such a high, hard bounce one comes down again. We do not do what we want to do because we want to do opposite things at the same time. Yet that infectious Wellsian sense of freedom was not all anarchy, romantic ebullience or Utopian uplift. That freedom was a new fact in our environment; you pay for everything—that is all. I do not know what date is given to the second scientific revolution, but one has to go back to the great centuries of geographical discovery for a comparable enlargement of our world; and it is a suggestive fact that we have to go back to Swift, the Swift of Lilliput and Laputa before we find another English novelist going to science for his data and material as Wells has done. (The influence of science, in the 150 years that lie between those two writers, is philosophical, not factual.) And Wells's immediate recognition of a new environment is one of the sources of the sense of freedom we get from him. I make no comparison between the merits of Wells and Swift—though the Beast-men of *The Island of Dr. Moreau* are derivatives of the Yahoos and are observed with Swift's care for biological detail—but in his best narratives in this genre Wells does go back to the literary traditions of the early eighteenth century, the best traditions of our narrative literature. The ascendancy of Swift is, no doubt, a question of imaginative range and style; but above all it is due to a humanity which is denied to Wells because he arrived at the beginning of a new enlargement, whereas Swift arrived towards the end of one. None of Wells's narrators, whether they are South Kensington scientists or people like the awful Bert who appear to be suffering from an emotional and linguistic toothache, is capable of the philosophical simplicity and sanity of Gulliver. For Wells has only just spotted this new world of agitating chemicals, peculiar glands and obliterating machines. The sense of wonder has not grown far beyond a sense of copy. He is topical and unstable, swept by eagerness yet visited by nauseas sudden and horrifying. Suppose we evolve into futility or revert to the beast from which we have arisen? Such speculations are alien to the curiously orthodox eyes which were set in Swift's mad head. The things he sees have happened. To Wells—and how typical of an expansionist eye—the things he sees have not happened. They are possibilities. How long does it take for a process of violent change to settle down so that once more we can say that "the proper study of mankind is man"? In these scientific romances one catches occasionally the humane note: in *The Time Machine*, in *The Island of Dr. Moreau* and in *The War of the Worlds*, which are the most imaginative stories of the group and are free of the comic Edwardian horseplay. The practical experiment has been detached from the practical joke; the idea is untainted by the wheeze. The opening sentence of *The War of the Worlds* suggests a complete view of humanity, besides being an excellent example of Wells's mastery of the art of bouncing us into belief of anything he likes to tell us:

> No one would have believed in the last years of the 19th century that human affairs were being watched keenly and closely by intelligences greater than man's and yet as mortal as his own.

It is not surprising that the passages of low comedy which elsewhere are Wells's excellence, should be a failure in the scientific romances. They, of course, wreck the illusion. And if love is born, Wells is Walt Disney at his worst. The love scenes between the giants in *The Food of the Gods* are the most embarrassing in English fiction, and one wonders that the picture of that awful Princess goggling in enormous close-up and fanning herself with half a chestnut tree, did not destroy the feminist movement. But except for a faint squirm of idyllic petting in *The Time Machine*, none of these aberrations misdirect the narratives of the three books I have mentioned. I cannot include *The War in the Air* among the best; it is an astonishing piece of short-term prophecy and judgment. One remembers the bombing of battleships and the note on the untroubled minds of those who bomb one another's cities, but the book is below Wells's highest level. So, too, is *The Invisible Man*, which is a good thriller but it develops jerkily and is held up by horseplay and low comedy. Without question *The Time Machine* is the best piece of writing. It will surely take its place among the great stories of our language. Like all great works it has meanings within its meaning and no one who has read the story will forget the dramatic power of the change of scene in the middle of the book, when the Time Traveller reveals the foundation of slime and horror on which the pretty life of his Arcadians is precariously and fearfully resting. I think it is fair to accuse the later Wells of escaping into a dream world of plans, of using science as a magic staircase out of essential social problems. I think the best Wells is the destructive, ruthless, black-eye dealing and house-burning Wells who foresaw the violence and not the order of our time. However this may be, the early Wells of *The Time Machine* did not escape. The Arcadians had become as pretty as flowers in their pursuit of personal happiness. They had dwindled and would be devoured because of that. Their happiness itself was haunted. Wells's images of horror are curious. The slimy, the viscous, the fœtal reappear; one sees the sticky, shapeless messes of pond life, preposterous in instinct and frighteningly without mind. One would like to hear a psychologist on these shapes which recall certain surrealist paintings; but perhaps the biologist fishing among the algae, and not the unconscious, is responsible for them. In *The Time Machine*—and also in the other two books—Wells is aware of pain. None of his investigators returns without wounds and bruises to the mind as well as the body, and Dr. Moreau is, of course, a sadist. *The Island* is indeed hard on the nerves and displays a horror more concrete and calculated than anything in Wells's other books. Where *The Time Machine* at least relieves one by its poetic social allegory, *The Island of Dr. Moreau* takes one into the abyss of human nature. One is left naked at the end of the shocking report, looking with apprehension at the bodies of our friends, imagining the tell-tale short legs, the eyes that shine green in the dark, the reversion to the wolf, the hyena, the monkey and the dog. This book is a superb piece of story-telling from one's first sight of the unpleasant ship and its stinking, mangy menagerie, to the last malign episode where the narrator is left alone on the island with the Beast-Men. Neither Dr. Moreau nor his drunken assistant is a lay figure and, in that last episode, the Beast-Men become figures of Swiftian malignance:

> The Monkey Man bored me, however. He assumed, on the strength of his five digits, that he was my equal, and was forever jabbering at me, jabbering the most arrant nonsense. One thing about him entertained me a little: he had a fantastic trick of coining new words. He had an idea, I believe, that to gabble about names that meant nothing was the proper use of speech. He called it "big thinks," to distinguish it from "little thinks"—the sane everyday interests of life. If ever I made a remark he did not understand, he would praise it very much, ask me to say it again, learn it by heart. and go off repeating it, with a word wrong here and there, to all the wilder of the Beast People. He thought nothing of what was plain and comprehensible. I invented some very curious "big thinks" for his especial use.'

The description of the gradual break in the morale of the Beast-Men is a wonderful piece of documented guesswork. It is easy enough to be sensational. It is quite another matter to domesticate the sensational. You notice, too, how Wells's idea comes full circle in his best thrillers. There is the optimistic outward journey, there is the chastened return.

It would be interesting to know more about the origins of *The Island of Dr. Moreau*. The innocence of Wells has been hurt in this book. He is wounded at the outset. One is reminded of Kipling—was Wells parodying Kipling in that chapter where the Beast-Men are seen mumbling their pathetic Law?—and Kipling and Wells are obviously divergent branches of the same tree. They both foresee the conditions of our age. They both foretell the violence with a certain appetite. Kipling, in the end, like Wells's man in the sewer in *The War of the Worlds*, relies on cunning. He wants the *coup d'état*, the masonic hierarchy of the jungle, the craftiness of the hunting and hunted animal. Kipling believes in the morbid and defeated mind. This strain is strong in Wells, too, but he has more stoicism, a stoicism which develops into a belief in miracles. Impatient of detail, he comes to believe in the power of impudence and the luck of rebellion. Both Wells and Kipling, in their differing ways, have fulfilled one of the functions of the artist in this age of jolts and bad adjustments: they have attempted to give us a legend or myth by which we can live. They have seen our time through the magnifying glass of the creative imagination. And after I had put down the last of the scientific romances, and while the glow of Wells's hallucination was still in me, it seemed to me that this was Wells's great achievement; he was the first to install the paraphernalia of our new environment in our imagination. Things do not become acceptable until artists see them for us first. Certainly he did not see all.

Revelling in catastrophe and experiment, eagerly pursuing the new thing, he did not see the dumb strength of human resistance. He was so entranced that he could foresee horror, but not its moral effects. He did not see—none of the scientists has—that human beings are more remarkable than their inventions. But after all we were and are just as entranced as he was and he has given us the early part of our scientific myth.

V. S. Pritchett

THE SHADOW OF THE RIF

The Track. By Arturo Barea. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

One of the most delightful journeys in the world on a fine day is from Algeciras to Tetuan. The sea sparkles, the white houses of Andalusia recede, the Rock of Gibraltar reveals its wild eastward precipices, most southerly land in Europe, the sandy point of Tarifa appears, the cork woods of Gaucin, and suddenly the steamer crosses to Africa. Ceuta is a Spanish town, but from there a light railway runs up the valley of the Rio Martin with its reed beds, and over low hills covered with asphodel and palmetto to Tetuan and on to mysterious Xauen. For the traveller to whom Tetuan is the first taste of Islam, the town is an unforgettable experience: the grace and simplicity of human beings in a direct relation to nature, and the wonderful sensuous passivity of the East are revealed for the first time and shed their balm over his heart. Yet behind the city of Tetuan with its minarets and Kasba, rises a wild mountain range, the Jebel Mersa, and looking up at these dry mountains in one of those dead moments of the Spanish day the traveller may experience that sensation of gloom and fear which is not infrequent in Morocco. For these mountains are the Rif, and only a few years ago the sunshine, the hotels, the buses, the mint teas and snake-charmers which the tourist enjoys were made safe for him by a holocaust of Spanish lives.

There are two documents which bring home the disaster of Anual. One is Sender's novel, *Earmarked for Hell* (Wishart) (*Imán* in Spanish), a most terrible account of defeat; the other a film, *La Bandera*, which gives a picture of life in the Spanish foreign legion. The new volume of Arturo Barea's autobiography, *The Track*, is a third. Sender's novel describes the disaster of Anual itself, when twelve thousand Spaniards were killed in a day, and thousands of others starved out of their lonely blockhouses to be mutilated and impaled. Barea was not present at Anual, he had already contracted typhus from working among the corpses at Melilla, but his book is a prelude to it. *Imán* is a record of disaster, *The Track* is something of a comedy in so far as it is a picture of the corruption of an army which led up to the disaster, in fact the most fascinating study of corruption which I have come across. We may be horrified at such corruption, and yet there is nothing unnatural about it; such decay is only the common sense of a conscript army asserting itself when employed by a government it dislikes on a task in which it does not believe. Morocco was a racket. Everyone sent there chiselled on the government in proportion to their opportunities. On the road which Barea and his sappers are engaged in making nothing is quite what it seems. The men do not get quite all the food they are supposed to. The workers are not quite as many as they are on the wages-sheet, there is never so much stone or cement or dynamite as is indented for, everything looks all right and yet—as in a worm-eaten chair—the virtue is running out of the solid edifice. If the State insisted on sending its citizens to Morocco they were going to make money there. We know that this kind of graft is found in all hot countries; the East is famous for it, nor is the servant always to be blamed for building up a system of perquisites at the expense of the master, for the master has perquisites too. The Spanish system was fatal because it depended for its success not only on the Spaniards but also on the Moors. The Moors would co-operate, they would buy and sell their tribal alliances, they would exchange Spanish prisoners for rifles, they would negotiate—yet they had something—religious fanaticism, love of fighting, hatred of the foreigner and rights to the land—which could not be corrupted and when Abd-El-Krim united with Raisuli the master had to sit heavily on his worm-eaten chair. It turned to powder, and History tells the rest.

We know the end of the story, the inquiry which implicated the King in both his financial interests and his strategical blunders and which was quashed by Primo de Rivera's seizure of power, the dictatorship during which Franco and the other army officers nursed ambition, the abdication, and the republic destroyed by generals from Morocco, officers from Germany, and Moors from the Rif, while England and France looked on and the world looked on at them. Barea's book takes us to and fro between Madrid and Xauen, and contains pictures of Franco, Millan Astray, and Primo de Rivera; it is fully alive to the historical implication of every action and even every conversation in which he takes part, and is leading up to the volume about the Civil War which will be his most difficult task.

But this awareness alone is not the secret of Arturo Barea. He is a realist and a humanist, his book does not shirk any idea or judge anyone, his memory is a Leica-album of accurate and vivid flashes. Such a book can be written only by a man of action with a philosophy of life and with a style of his own. What could be more artistically done than his account of an afternoon's fishing, during which he speculates on what career to adopt after his discharge, and catches, prophetically, a gigantic eel, which it takes several men hours to destroy and which goes on fighting after its head is cut off—and is quite uneatable? Barea is something rarely to be found these days, he thinks and feels clearly and honestly, he has great power and a sense of proportion; in fact he is a man. Not a superman, not a good man, nor a bad man, certainly not a he-man; but then not a sheep either.

Cyril Connolly

GREECE

Wind of Freedom. By Compton Mackenzie. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

Victors in Chains. By Amyntor. *Hutchinson.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The hero of the invasion of Greece by the Axis Powers in the black winter of 1940-1941, of which *Wind of Freedom* is a provisional history, partly based on information supplied by the Greek Government, is the figure of General John Metaxas, the little dictator who said "No" to the Italian ultimatum of October 28th, 1940, saw the Italians beaten to a standstill by the diminutive Greek army which he had trained, and lived just long enough to make it quite clear that any Greek Government would return an equally laconic negative to the Germans should the occasion arise. Yet Metaxas was the man who in 1915, as chief of the General Staff, had frustrated the offer of Venizelos to join the Allies in an attack on the Dardanelles. In the post-war period he had been leader of a small party of extreme Royalists in bitter opposition to the Greek Republic; and in 1936, after the restoration of the King, had made himself dictator, and, maintained in power only by the support of the King, and later on by the presence of the Italians in Albania, had proceeded to imprison and banish any liberal or trade unionist who dared to open his mouth. He was then visited by

An Autobiography of Continuous Interest

JONAS LIED'S
Return to
Happiness

The autobiography of an International business man. The scene changes from Norway to England, then to France, Germany, and finally to Russia during the revolutionary years. Big business is the exciting motif of this unusual and adventurous story.

Just Published 18/-

MACMILLAN
& CO., LTD.

Reprinting

MICHAEL
JOSEPH
his story of a
friendship
CHARLES

This is the story of a Siamese cat who shared the author's life for nearly thirteen years. The author insists that it is a book for cat lovers only, but it is likely to be sympathetically read by everyone who has an animal friend.
Illus. 5/- net

ABEN KANDEL
his moving story
THE STONES
BEGIN TO DANCE

MICHAEL JOSEPH

NELSON

The Treaty
of Versailles
WAS IT JUST?
PROFESSOR T. E. JESSOP

Lord Vansittart, speaking in the House of Lords: "An admirable little book which I hope that everyone in this House, and indeed in every house, will read."

Fighting Forces: "A well-nigh perfect book—perfectly clear, perfectly fair, perfectly convincing . . . a judicial historical summary of the Armistice terms." 5*s. net.*

Social
Reconstruction
M. ALDERTON PINK

"An interesting and important contribution to the almost unending discussion of 'After the War' . . . will repay close examination and study"—*Sheffield Telegraph.*
A DISCUSSION BOOK. 3*s. net.*

★

THOMAS NELSON & SONS LTD.

IN STOCK AGAIN
Han Suyin
DESTINATION
CHUNGKING
an autobiography

'Whoever she may be—and her identity is a secret—Han Suyin is an exceptionally gifted person. This autobiography of hers is the story of a Chinese girl, still in her twenties, born and bred in Peking, but professionally trained in England. To a keen intelligence she joins a passionate devotion to her native land—a devotion which called her back to China to share all the dangers and sufferings of the four-years struggle against Japanese aggression. How terrible that experience was she brings home to the reader with a quiet matter-of-fact restraint, which deepens admiration for the stoic courage and endurance of the Chinese people.' DAILY TELEGRAPH [12s 6d net]

JONATHAN CAPE

Goebbels, and signed a number of agreements which appeared to hand over his country into the power of Germany, where he had received his military education and been made much of. (A good account of his goings on is to be found in *Exiles of the Ægean*, by two Australian communists, Mr. and Mrs. Birtles, reviewed in these pages in December, 1938).

On the morning of October 28th, 1940, Metaxas found himself suddenly popular, with the country behind him politically united as it had not been since 1912, when without the slightest hesitation he defied the Italian and German dictatorships on which his own had been modelled, and took up the British guarantee which had been spontaneously offered after the Italian occupation of Albania at Easter 1939. It seems that even a dictator can love his country, and that we should not be in a hurry to call a foreign leader a "pro-German." There was, of course, a desperate hope in Greece that Germany would not support the Italian invasion, but it can never have flowered from a wish into a serious expectation. Mr. Compton Mackenzie examines the changing diplomatic probabilities in some detail and is well qualified to do so; for he is able to quote from one of his own despatches, written in 1917, a remarkable warning about Italian ambitions in Greece and the dangerous possibility of her returning to her former alliance with Germany. He also suggests that the Germans "superstitiously disliked the idea of violating Greece" and themselves hoped to avoid it. Most criminals have their superstitions. I heard the other day of a murderer who was afraid to open his victim's money-box because a crucifix was standing on the lid. But a German would be more likely to think that the violation of holiness would cure his own uncleanness and deliver him from the curse of being hated by everybody. It is hard to write about Greece without a few romantic overtones, and Mr. Compton Mackenzie is well entitled to his, for he has written the best history of the occupation of Greece and Crete that we are likely to have for a very long time. But I don't like his habit of calling Hitler and Mussolini names; their own names and deeds are sufficient ignominy: and I think it may be another romantic illusion to suppose that "*Aera !*", the battle-cry of the Evzones and other Greek regiments, means "wind," a supposition that has suggested the title of the book. It is probably short for "*pâre aera,*" "take the air," that is "clear out"!

In *Victors in Chains* we are told that *Aera* has become a popular *graffito* for chalking on Athenian walls, instead of the V sign, to annoy the Germans. It has the advantage that the letters stand for the initials of *Anglia, Ellas, Rôssia, Amerikê*—(*not* "America, Hellas, Russia and the Allies," as stated on p. 29. There is another slip which wants correcting on p. 77 which refers to the "proximity of the island of Chios to the coast of Syria"!) The book, published for the Greek Ministry of Information, is a useful summary of all that is known of the resistance of the half-starved Greek people to the German and Italian armies of occupation. The information naturally varies a great deal in value, but provides in seven chapters, of which "Greece Will Not Work for the Axis" is the best, an impressive collection of evidence about the many forms of opposition, from guerrilla warfare and sabotage to the harbouring of British prisoners, underground newspapers and passive resistance. It is good to learn that suffering has not made the Greeks forget their generosity, and that owing to the obstinate resentment of the people and the protests of the Orthodox Church repeated German attempts to apply anti-Semitic measures in Greece have had to be abandoned.

JOHN MAVROGORDATO

REFLECTIONS ON FRANCE

The France of To-morrow. By ALBERT GUÉRARD. *Oxford University Press* 20s.

It is not easy to write impartially on French problems. Mr. Guérard has a unique advantage in his interesting attempt to reflect on the future of France, being born on French soil and living now thousands of miles away from small-spaced Europe as an American citizen. His knowledge, his love of France—for without the latter no real understanding is possible—is deep and convincing yet the conclusions at which he arrives are not always acceptable.

His book is divided into three parts. The first part examines French-German relations. It is a most detached and informed account of the historic background of the French-German conflict. He makes it abundantly clear that the German national consciousness developed so late that even in "1813 the . . Rhinelanders were as loyal supporters of the Napoleonic regime as their 'fellow Frenchmen.' And in 1813 according to the ultra-nationalistic Treitschke himself, they showed no desire to be 'liberated' from the Gallic yoke." Nationalism in its dangerous form is a result of the unhappy *mésalliance*, the history of which is still unwritten, between liberalism and romanticism though it is important to remember that during the first half of the nineteenth century the nationalism of Madame de Staël, Quinet (who was an admirer of Herder), or Michelet still found nationalism compatible with a fraternal attitude towards the German people. Mr. Guérard gives also a fascinating account of the controversy between Frenchmen and Germans over Alsace and Lorraine While he admits "that Royal France took Alsace and Lorraine by the right of the sword," a fact which he does not excuse, he makes it clear that it was a German delusion to assume "that Alsace had not evolved since 1648." In 1871 no doubt was possible where Alsace and Lorraine had chosen to stand.

After the peace of Frankfort in 1871 the stage was set for the drama of 1914: *Y penser toujours, n'en parler jamais.* I pass over Mr. Guérard's analysis of the peace settlement after 1918 in which he does full justice to President Wilson's Puritan idealism which it seems now so fashionable to criticise. The author also fully realises the fatal consequences of the invasion of the Ruhr. "The invasion of the Ruhr was a deeper wound than Versailles itself."

The second part of the book is devoted to a discussion of French democracy. Here, it seems, Mr. Guérard is less at home. It is questionable whether the French party system was more democratic than the British political system. I believe that the British always had a deeper appreciation that politics is fundamentally the art of making a wise compromise. Moreover, the plebiscitarian tradition in France had throughout the last 150 years a powerful influence, an influence which it might even be important to watch now and in future. Perhaps the easiness with which Mr. Guérard suggests "free" political institutions without Parliament (and also his sympathy with Louis Napoleon) proves the unconscious strength of the plebiscitarian tradition in France. Without strong and healthy political parties a modern democratic mass state is inconceivable.

On the other hand, what Mr. Guérard has to say about the role French officialism played since the *Ancien Régime* is important and generally not adequately understood. His account of the Blum experiment is again hardly striking: the economic problems of France are also not quite in the grasp of Mr. Guérard.

This becomes evident in the final section of the book, which is somewhat Utopian. While it is important to stress that territory and culture should in future not necessarily be related too intimately to each other, the problems of a "United Europe" are vastly more complex than Mr. Guérard is willing to admit.

J. P. MAYER

This and That
JOHN HILTON

A selection from the talks that made John Hilton one of the best-loved broadcasters. They range from making your house work to enjoying the limelight of the witness-box; from what the Financier said to what the Policeman overlooked. There is good sense and good fun on every page.

"A genius in the rare art of common sense. In these pages there is a genial and tolerant understanding of the difficulties of the ordinary man in his every-day life."—*News Chronicle.*

"A lively and entertaining volume."—*Listener.* 5*s. net.*

George Allen & Unwin Ltd

TIME AND CHANCE
Joan Evans
The story of Arthur Evans and his forbears
"Entirely charming and well constructed . . . a pleasant, informative, and extremely readable family history."—*Spectator.* 21 - net

SEVEN WINTERS
Memories of a Dublin Childhood
Elizabeth Bowen
"With touches of humour, with a quick eye, with lucidity, and without a trace of sentimentality, she not only brings a particular past to life, but makes the reader enter to it."—*Listener.* 3 6 net

THE ANNUAL REGISTER
1942
A record of events of the past year which no student of affairs can overlook. 42 - net

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., LTD.

CHARLOTTE
MARY
YONGE

a biography by
GEORGINA BATTISCOMBE
with Introduction by
E. M. DELAFIELD

Coloured frontispiece
and other illustrations

15/- net

Constable & Co Ltd

once more ★
★ *available . . .*

Archibald MacLEISH

POEMS

'His poems are undoubtedly among the most notable that our age has produced.'
Daily Telegraph

'A poet of the contemporary consciousness.'
Manchester Guardian

2nd imp. 8s. 6d.

THE BODLEY HEAD

Q AGAIN

Cambridge Lectures. SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. Everyman's Library. *Dent.* 3*s*.

Some years ago a distinguished professor of English literature remarked that the printing press had overreached itself, and I have no doubt that Q would have agreed with him. The multitude of published books is indeed embarrassing, and grows more so every day. With things in such a state, there is one national benefactor who deserves a special meed of gratitude—the chooser of the best—he who makes it possible for the busiest to be sure that they need not waste their scanty leisure over the second or third rate ; he whose knowledge is ample, who is reasonably free from prejudice, and in whose taste they feel an ever-strengthening confidence. Such, it is safe to say, is the editor of the " Oxford Books " of verse, prose and mysticism.

This, however, is far from representing all that we owe to Q. Apart from novels and poems, he has written several volumes of literary lectures and essays, which are exactly of the kind at which I have hinted. It is not easy for many of us, even if they have the undesired spare hours of prisoners of war, to read them all. It is therefore a great satisfaction that he is one of the few writers who can select from their own works ; and here, in the Everyman's Library, is a remarkably comprehensive set of gleanings from the lectures which he gave at Cambridge from 1913 onwards (with the addition of another of a similar kind delivered at the Royal Institution). When Cambridge had the wisdom to appoint him, though so obviously an Oxonian, Edward VII Professor and Fellow of Jesus, we all looked forward, if not to hearing, yet to reading, a series of instructive and delightful lectures ; and when they came, though we could not help noticing the omission of the word " ladies " to balance " gentlemen," we were not disappointed. And in this series we can revive our memory of them, assured that those here given, being the choice of Q himself, will be the best and most characteristic.

Thus reviving my memory of these once familiar papers, I find them full of the old virtues. There is the well-known humour—what could be better, for mingled wit and criticism, than the detection in Matthew Arnold of " a tendency to be Wordsworth's widow, and to fall rather exasperatingly a-thinking of the old 'un." ? There is the learning of long ago, not only apparently undiminished by years, but increased and obediently ready to hand when required : Plato, Aristotle, Lessing, Horace, and others quoted and discussed, and without pedantry, as it is proper to a university audience. Above all, there is that width of mind and common sense which distinguished him of old. He recognises that there are various points of view, and that in literary taste, perhaps more than in anything else, dogmatism is to be eschewed.

If I must make a choice, I should, with some hesitation, express a preference for the lecture on Jargon, of which I can only say that the collection of examples is marvellous, and that, if this detestable vice survives this exposure, we may expect to meet Tithonus in full vigour round the corner. But there are many others—on Milton, Meredith, Hardy, and Gilbert—this last somewhat severely dealt with—besides some on more general themes, such as " the commerce of thought," or " the art of reading." Amid so much that is to be desired to make one wise, it is hard indeed to make a choice.

Nevertheless, while remembering Hermann's advice to those who dream of dissenting from Lachmann, there are a few points on which I venture to disagree. Admiring, as I do, the lectures on " Macbeth," I am not convinced that the feebler parts of the play are feeble of set purpose. They are feeble because Shakespeare was tired ; like Homer, he nodded. And though Q is right in tracing our literature not to Slesvick but to Rome and Greece, I have a fancy that he is, secretly, somewhat too contemptuous of " Anglo-Saxon " poetry. For myself, I would give the whole of Lydgate for " The Seafarer." E. E. KELLETT

MILITARY CLASSICS

Roots of Strategy : a Collection of Military Classics, edited by MAJOR THOMAS PHILLIPS. *Lane.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

This excellent book contains the five greatest military classics written prior to the nineteenth century : Sun Tzu's *Art of War*, Vegetius' *Military Institutions of the Romans*, Marshal Saxe's *Reveries*, Frederick II's *Military Instructions for the Generals* and Napoleon's *Maxims*. The texts are well translated, the forewords informative and exact, the printing admirable. Such is the literary skill of the authors that one is neither burdened with detailed accounts of engagements nor bored by obvious strategical precepts ; they all possess the art of moving gently from the general to the particular. It should be read in conjunction with Sir Frederick Maurice's classic on the principles of strategy. It is true that it requires a reader practised in reading military history and capable of comparative analysis, but if there is any validity in Napoleon's behest to study the campaigns and treatises of the great captains of the past, it deserves to be studied by staff officers ripe for promotion to command as well as being entertaining reading for amateurs.

And the moral ? When we have learnt all we can about dispositions, deception, discipline, movement, training and tactics, what general conclusions can we draw from this potent distillation of military wisdom ? The rules of strategy are childishly simple. Deceive the enemy as to your intentions, hold large portions of his force with a small part of yours, concentrate overwhelming strength against his weakest point, pursue relentlessly. But in practice the wildest confusion reigns. There are never enough roads—or there are too many and one's forces have to be dispersed ; the ground seems to dictate unsound dispositions ; the rule of security conflicts with that of concentration ; political considerations override military necessity ; and one never knows where and how strong the enemy is. Unsuccessful generals appear to be fools ; yet often their plans were logically sound but based on incorrect information. The moral is plain. The art of generalship lies not in intellectual power or sound ratiocination ; it lies in intuitive genius, in the *coup d'œil militaire*, the power of apprehending what the situation is without necessarily being able to support one's conclusion with adequate reasons. Napoleon recognised this despite his reiteration that his victories were won by his intellect being superior to that of his opponents. " A general never knows anything with certainty, never knows the field of battle on which he may operate. His understanding is that of inspiration ; data to reach a knowledge of localities is so contingent on events that nothing is learnt by experience. . . . It is a faculty to understand immediately the relations of the terrain according to the nature of different countries : it is finally the gift to take in the military situation at a glance which great generals have received from nature. War is composed of nothing but accidents. . . ."

Perhaps this accounts for the air of bewilderment when men of intellectual ability meet great commanders of the field . . . and conversely. . .

NOEL ANNAN

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 2*s*. 3*d*. per line (average 6 words) per insertion. Box numbers 1*s*. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tuesday, but insertion not guaranteed.
NEW STATESMAN AND NATION,
10 Gt. Turnstile, London. W.C.1. *Hol.* 3216.

A unique presentation of Russian History

PICTORIAL HISTORY of RUSSIA

From **RURIK** *to* **STALIN**

by

ALEXANDER HOWARD and ERNEST NEWMAN

This important work unfolds the majestic story of the Russian people from Rurik, the Viking chief who founded Novgorod in A.D. 862, to Stalin, mighty warrior of modern Russia. The illustrations are knit together by long explanatory captions.
With 500 illustrations **14/6**

HUTCHINSON
& Co (*Publishers*) Ltd
The World's Largest Book Publishers

War-Time Banking

The Midland Bank stands ready to offer its services to all who need them, subject to limitations arising from war-time conditions.

Whether you are in the forces, some other field of war or national work, or pursuing your ordinary activities, this great Bank will conduct efficiently the business you may entrust to its care, including your transfers of surplus deposits to the purchase of British war loans.

The manager of any branch will willingly describe the facilities offered by the Bank, established over a century ago but ever modern in methods and outlook.

MIDLAND BANK
LIMITED
Head Office : Poultry, London, E.C. 2

We shall build an even better EMPIRE !
No higher than a matchbox.

On the seas, on land, in the air—even in the wilds of Africa—EMPIRE Portable Typewriters are rendering valuable service.

PRECISION BUILT · STURDY & STRONG · RELIABLE & EFFICIENT · SIMPLE & QUIET IN OPERATION

Be sure to make a note of it !

EMPIRE Portable Typewriters
deluxe & Service Models
Made in England by
BRITISH TYPEWRITERS LTD., WEST BROMWICH
and at 150 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1

HELPLESS

—but for YOU!

TIME MARCHES ON. Most of our men in enemy prison camps have now entered their fourth year in captivity and are suffering badly from the strain and monotony of prolonged confinement. We beg all readers of THE NEW STATESMAN to help us in our work of cheering these men. Each parcel we send is individually packed and addressed and will give enormous pleasure to some lonely prisoner who might otherwise be overlooked. £5 will send regular parcels and cigarettes for a year—smaller sums proportionately.

To MISS CHRISTINE KNOWLES, O.B.E., *Hon. Director, and* LORD ABERDARE, *Chairman.*
BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR BOOKS AND GAMES FUND
(*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940*)
Carrington House, Hertford Street, London, W.1.
I enclose £ : : to help our men who are Prisoners of War.
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
....

IMPORTANT. If you are interested in a particular prisoner, please attach details. Parcels will be sent him in your name.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

MOZART: *Horn Concerto No. 4 in E flat* (K495). Dennis Brain, with Hallé Orchestra (Col DX1123–4).

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Variations on a Rococo Theme for 'Cello and Orchestra.* Danya Shafran, with Leningrad State Philharmonic Orch. (Decca X269–71).

BLISS: *Piano Concerto.* Solomon, with Liverpool Philharmonic Orch., cond. Adrian Boult (H.M.V. C3348–52).

GLINKA: *Russlan and Ludmilla Overture.* RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: *Dobinushka.* Indianapolis Symph. Orch., cond. Sevitzky (H.M.V. C3347).

WALTON: "*First of the Few*": *Prelude and Spitfire Fugue.* Hallé Orch., cond. Walton (H.M.V. C3359).

DEBUSSY: *Children's Corner Suite.* Kentner (Col. DX1121–2).

RACHMANINOFF: *Preludes in B (Op. 32, No. 11), in C sharp minor (Op. 32, No. 12), in D flat (Op. 32, No. 13).* Moura Lympany (Decca K1031).

BACH: *Fantasie in C minor* and "*Sheep May Safely Graze.*" Kathleen Long (Decca K1066).

BACH: *Præludium* (Violin Sonata No. 6) and *Air* (Suite No. 3). Menuhin (H.M.V. DB6156).

DA FALLA: *Danse Espagnole* (*La Vida Breve*) and ALBENIZ: *Malaguena.* Ida Haendel (Decca K1073).

BIZET: *Chanson d'Avril.* CHAUSSON: *Le Colibri.* Maggie Teyte (H.M.V. DA1833).

GRIEG: *The Return* and *Spring.* Astra Desmond (Decca M536).

KENNEDY-FRASER: *Songs of the Hebrides.* Astra Desmond (Decca K979).

VERDI: *La Traviata*: "What Folly!" and "Ah! Was It He?" Gwen Catley, with Hallé Orch. (H.M.V. C3358).

CHARLES D'ORLEANS-ELGAR: "Is She Not Passing Fair?" YOUNG: "Phyllis Has Such Charming Graces." David Lloyd, acc. Gerald Moore (Col. DB2117).

Mozart's Concertos for the horn were all written within a relatively short period and show considerable similarities. The third, also in E flat, was issued three years ago in an admirable recording by Aubrey Brain. This, the fourth, written probably three years later (1786), closely resembles its forerunner in style and feeling, but is, I think, if anything, still more delightful and appealing. The perfection with which the ideas fit the symphonic scheme draws attention to the advantage enjoyed by composers who have not had to create the musical tradition in which they work. Dennis Brain's phrasing and dynamic subtlety weave their own spell, and the recording is good. The step from this concerto to the Tchaikovsky *Variations* is not as far as the change in harmonic idiom would seem to imply. Written at about the same time as *Francesca da Rimini,* this small but singularly charming work indulges in none of the lurid flood-lighting which was Tchaikovsky's substitute for drama. It is beautifully composed, and the ornament is not more than sufficient to display the form. This is an outstanding set of records, for the solo part is carried out with extraordinary taste and brilliance.

Arthur Bliss's Piano Concerto is a large work in every sense. It was commissioned for, and first performed at, the World's Fair, which called for a big canvas and a florid subject. After this concerto, let no one say Mr. Bliss is not equal to both. The rapturous, romantic style will not be to everyone's taste: it is clearly aimed at a large public—not at the musical specialist and certainly not at other composers. But it is concert music, as Liszt and Tchaikovsky—even Chopin—understood the term. Rhetorical and enthusiastic, by turns lyrical and dramatic, the style on the whole prefers the *cantabile* to the percussive. This is a relief, especially in a composer who can express himself in melody and manage length without becoming loose. Thus the first movement is sufficiently far-flung to cover a wide scope of feeling; but there is almost no rhapsodising, apart from the cadenza: sonata form is adhered to and the complex material is fully used up. Coming to the andante, I for one am pleased to discover a proper slow movement, conceived throughout as such, instead of the page of glum adagio escaping with relief into a jolting vivace, which so much contemporary work has accustomed us to expect. Mr. Bliss's slow movement is among the finest of its kind. The Finale, I'm afraid, goes the way of most last movements in which the composer has been at pains to devise for his work an effective exit rather than a conclusive aposiopesis. As if aware of this, Mr. Bliss has furnished what is really a Scherzo with a portentous introduction, the material of which is so designed as to provide a triumphant coda. The resulting movement is far from ineffective; but it could be felt to be too continuously extravagant, and the coda itself is certainly too noisy and too heavily scored. When that has been said, the grand qualities of this concerto will be seen to outweigh its defects—at any rate in the eyes of those whose musical taste is not hopelessly valetudinarian. Solomon gives a magnificent performance of the most exacting solo part, and the recording is on a par with that of *Belshazzar's Feast.*

I cannot sincerely recommend the next record on my list. The two pieces it contains are as vivid as they are famous; but the playing is very crude and the recording as noisy as possible. The Walton film music is rather less coarsely rendered, but in itself will add nothing to the composer's reputation, if it does not positively take away from it. The Prelude is exactly like any bit of Hollywood musical montage, and the Fugue seems—*qua* Fugue—rather dubious.

Mr. Kentner and Miss Lympany are pianists of the same kind, though of differing ability. Both excel in imparting a shiny surface to whatever they play. I am not suggesting that this is *all* they do; but it is the salient feature of their playing, just as rough profundity is of Schnabel's. Debussy's *Children's Corner* does for to-day at least some of the things Schumann's *Kinderscenen* did for a hundred years ago. It is not important, but it does deserve not to be forgotten. Mr. Kentner delivers the suite with awareness of what is involved. Miss Lympany, in what I take to be the concluding record of her series, shows the same kind of awareness, though what is here involved is a more complex romanticism. Her playing of the beautiful little Prelude in B alone makes the disc worth buying; but the Prelude in D flat emerges less satisfactorily. This is a nettle that must be grasped—

ISSUE OF

2½% National War Bonds, 1952-54.

Interest payable half-yearly on the 1st March and 1st September.
A first interest payment will be made on the 1st March, 1944.

PRICE OF ISSUE £100 PER CENT.

PAYABLE IN FULL ON SUBSCRIPTION.

Bonds of this issue are an investment authorised by The Trustee Act, 1925, and The Trusts (Scotland) Act, 1921.

THE GOVERNOR AND COMPANY OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND by authority of the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury, offer the above Bonds for subscription. **Subscriptions will be received on Wednesday, 1st September, 1943, and thereafter until further notice in the "London Gazette." Subscriptions may be lodged at any office of the Banks hereafter mentioned.**

Subscriptions must be in multiples of £50 with a minimum of £50. Subscriptions must be accompanied by the full amount payable in respect thereof.

The Principal of and Interest on the Bonds will be a charge on the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom.

If not previously redeemed, the Bonds will be repaid at par on the 1st March, 1954, but His Majesty's Treasury reserve to themselves the right to redeem the Bonds in whole or in part, by drawings or otherwise, at par on, or at any time after, the 1st March 1952, on giving three calendar months' notice in the *London Gazette.*

The Bonds will be registered at the Bank of England or at the Bank of Ireland, Belfast, and will be transferable by instrument in writing in any usual or common form in accordance with the provisions of the Government Stock Regulations, 1943.

Bonds will be transferable in sums which are multiples of one penny. Transfers will be free of Stamp Duty.

A first interest payment, calculated from the date on which the subscription accompanied by payment is lodged to the 1st March, 1944, will be made on the 1st March, 1944; thereafter interest will be payable half-yearly on the 1st March and 1st September. Interest will be paid by warrants transmitted by post and Income Tax will be deducted from payments of more than £5 per annum. The first interest payment will in all cases be payable to the original subscribers or to their nominees.

The Bonds and the interest payable from time to time in respect thereof will be exempt from all United Kingdom Taxation, present or future, so long as it is shown in the manner directed by the Treasury that they are in the beneficial ownership of persons who are neither domiciled nor ordinarily resident in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. Further the interest payable from time to time will be exempt from United Kingdom Income Tax present or future, so long as it is shown in the manner directed by the Treasury that the Bonds are in the beneficial ownership of persons not ordinarily resident in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

These exemptions will not apply so as to exclude the interest from any computation for taxation purposes of the profits of any trade or business carried on in the United Kingdom. Moreover the allowance of the exemptions is subject to the provisions of any law, present or future, of the United Kingdom directed to preventing avoidance of taxation by persons domiciled resident, or ordinarily resident in the United Kingdom, and, in particular, the interest will not be exempt from Income Tax Acts as income of any person resident or ordinarily resident in the United Kingdom.

Subscriptions, which must be accompanied by payment at the rate of £50 for each £50 of Bonds subscribed may be lodged at the Bank of England Loans Office, E.C.2, or at any office of the following Banks:—

IN GREAT BRITAIN:
Bank of England.
Bank of Scotland.
Barclays Bank, Ltd.
British Linen Bank.
Clydesdale Bank, Ltd.
Commercial Bank of Scotland, Ltd.
Co-operative Wholesale Society, Ltd.
Coutts & Co.
District Bank, Ltd.
Glyn Mills & Co.
Grindlay & Co., Ltd.
C. Hoare & Co.
Isle of Man Bank, Ltd.
Lloyds Bank, Ltd.
Martins Bank, Ltd.
Midland Bank, Ltd.
National Bank, Ltd.
National Bank of Scotland, Ltd.
National Provincial Bank, Ltd.
North of Scotland Bank, Ltd.
Provincial Bank of Ireland, Ltd.
Royal Bank of Scotland.
Union Bank of Scotland, Ltd.
Westminster Bank, Ltd.
Williams Deacon's Bank, Ltd.
Yorkshire Penny Bank, Ltd.

IN NORTHERN IRELAND:
Bank of Ireland.
Belfast Banking Co., Ltd.
Hibernian Bank, Ltd.
Munster & Leinster Bank, Ltd.
National Bank, Ltd.
Northern Bank, Ltd.
Provincial Bank of Ireland, Ltd.
Ulster Bank, Ltd.

A commission of 1s. 3d. per £100 nominal subscription will be paid to Bankers or Stockbrokers on subscriptions bearing their stamp.

Subscriptions must be made on the printed forms which may be obtained, together with copies of this Prospectus, at the Bank of England Loans Office, London, E.C.2 or at any of the Branches of the Bank; at the Bank of Ireland, Belfast; of Messrs. Mullens & Co. 13, George Street Mansion House, E.C.4; or at any Bank or Stock Exchange in the United Kingdom.

BANK OF ENGLAND, LONDON, 31st August, 1943.

N.B.—Separate Prospectuses relating to 2½% National War Bonds, 1952-1954, to be held on the Post Office Register will be issued by His Majesty's Postmaster-General (and may be obtained at any Savings Bank Post Office or Bank), and by the National Debt Commissioners on behalf of Trustee Savings Banks. The amount subscribed by any person under the Prospectuses issued by His Majesty's Postmaster-General and by the National Debt Commissioners must not exceed £1,000.

as Eileen Joyce, for instance, grasps it. Delicacy is here not in place and Miss Lympany's rendering lacks the grossness of outline necessary to carry out this piece of virtuosity.

For one side of Miss Long's disc I have nothing but praise: the little *Fantasie in C minor* must be welcome to all lovers of the Bach, who could take this kind of thing in his stride without being dull. But it seems to me a mistake to play " Sheep May Safely Graze " with only two hands. The attempt results in the wrong kind of bareness, and a rigidity of movement that deprives the melody of its smooth richness.

Menuhin is now so good a violinist that he can afford to throw off the virtuoso when occasion requires. The Bach *Præludium* is a well-nigh perfect example of " straight " violin playing, and it makes one long to have the whole sonata. The *Air* is no less well done, but here one misses the orchestra. With Miss Haendel we are back in the halls of display—very good display, incidentally. But the pieces are too much alike, and the Albeniz greatly inferior—a bore, in fact.

Everyone who likes French songs likes *Le Colibri*. Bizet's *Chanson d'Avril* is equally guileless (not a usual quality in French art) and even more tuneful. These two songs pair with more varied effect than Da Falla and Albeniz.

The famous " Spring " and the little-known, but in some respects preferable " The Return," make an excellent addition to Miss Desmond's recordings of Grieg's songs. The qualities of voice and temperament that go to make her so delightful an interpreter of Grieg, lull one into a suspension of disbelief in Kennedy Fraser's versions of Gaelic folk song. Musicians admire these; yet to my ears they have a slightly false ring (due mainly, I suppose, to the harmony) not unlike that of Ossian.

What shall I say of the *Traviata* record? That Miss Catley sings truly and that her coloratura is well managed? That the Hallé Orchestra does its part neatly? That the recording is acceptable? Doubtless all these things. But—

Finally, I recommend the last record on my list for the really lovely quality of Mr. David Lloyd's voice. And when I say lovely, I mean lovely.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Simple American Dishes, Good Cheese Dishes, Simple Salads, Good Dishes from Tinned Foods. By AMBROSE HEATH. *Faber.* 3*s.* 6*d.* each. **War-Time Kitchen.** By HELEN BURKE. *Hutchinson.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

These little books provide a library for the kitchen front: our sparse rations can be made to serve for many hundreds of English, American and Continental recipes. With the aid of *Simple American Dishes* plain English fare is made tasty and acquires such attractive names (specially appealing to children) as Salmon Wiggle, Fruit Upside-down Cake, Egg Fluffy-Nest, Apple Pan-Dowdy and Cherry Toast. Some of these sound particularly palatable. Ambrose Heath says he was inspired to write *Good Cheese Dishes* when we had an " embarrassingly large cheese ration," and although the ration is now cut, many of the recipes are still practicable. The index makes one curious. " Cheese with Soup." Yes, we all know the sprinkling of parmesan on minestrone, but have we all met Consommé aux Diablotins, a cheese and cabbage soup with the addition of sausages? *Simple Salads*, besides giving recipes for some 200 summer and winter salads, includes useful salad dressings made without oil or eggs. More ambitious recipes appear in *Good Dishes from Tinned Foods*; it makes good reading; but many of the dishes will have to wait till after the war. However, tinned salmon, sardines, dried eggs and canned English vegetables are within reach of all and Mr. Heath shows how to use these familiar ingredients to make a dish " a little out of the ordinary." In the *War-time Kitchen* Helen Burke provides some useful fish dishes when fish is just fish, and when herrings are plentiful she tells us how to make Roll Mops. Now, when the housewife has to use her ingenuity there is no excuse for not eking out the rations.

Week-end Competitions

No. 709

Set by Audrey Hilton

The usual prizes are offered for the most entertaining speculations (limit 150 words) upon the identity and background of one of the following personages, observed during a journey:—

The Bony Woman. Lank blonde hair, a heavy coat over a white tennis dress, a black beret with a diamond clip. She takes from an Asprey-ish travelling bag an orange, and eats it genteelly.

The Dark Little Man. Black suit, thick spectacles, two gold teeth, patchy sunburn. He reads a manuscript in unrecognisable characters, and every few moments he spreads one hand in front of him and looks at it intently.

The Man in Plimsolls. Outdoor skin, good brown suit, identity bracelet. He keeps close beside him a suitcase with straw trailing out of it.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, September 13th.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 706

Set by Arthur Marshall

Certain comedians now advertise their wares on hoardings (" If it's laughter you're after," etc.). It is felt that the habit might spread to other performers and public figures and the usual prizes are offered for a set of three terse self-advertisements (either of the same character, or different ones) from the following:—Evelyn Laye, Dr. Joad, Sybil Thorndike, Noel Coward, Dr. Marie Stopes, Daphne du Maurier, General Montgomery, Joe Louis, Lady Astor, Stuart Hibberd, A. P. Herbert, Dr. Buchman.

Report by Arthur Marshall

Dr. Marie Stopes was, paradoxically so to speak, the most productive, no less than eleven entries containing a good, but by no means novel, joke: " Buy Me and Stop One." Other competitors thoroughly forgot themselves and, casting discretion to the winds, sent in more comical, but less printable, matter. Dr. Buchman was second in popularity (as it were) and came in, I am afraid, for a general drubbing, several competitors feeling apparently very bitter about his organisation. Genial Dr. Joad was third. After that there was a dead heat, fittingly enough, between Lady Astor and Joe Louis, and among the stragglers could be seen (for the first and last time) General Montgomery.

The following are some of the entries. No competitor reached the heights and the general level was mediocre. It is clearly impossible to place the entries in any sort of order, so I will risk black looks from those who have to do the donkey work and rule that the prize money be divided between those quoted. Prolonged calculation suggests that this will come to just under four florins apiece. Ungentle readers may consider the labourers worthy of their hire. (Name and address of MIC and " Sombrero," and name of Didymus, please.)

Dr. Marie Stopes:

Good reading for ladies of good breeding.
(Gordon Simpson)

For empty cots, but glamorous nights
Marie Stopes can set your sights. (Didymus)

Read my books, where I tell in print,
Not merely some labour-saving hint,
But how to gain joy of body and mind,
Beyond conception, unconfined.
(" Little Billee ")

Getting married? Get Marie'd. (MIC)

Dr. Buchman:

Bank with Frank—For God's Sake.
(Angus Macphail)

God's *fun* with Buchman.
(Stanley J. Sharpless)

Stuart Hibberd:

Does your voice abound
With natural sound?
Instant relief
From Hibberd, the Chief. (H. W. Unna)

Noel Coward:

You'll see me again. (Bill Hopper)

Come to-night. To-morrow I shall
be in Basutoland. (B. Cane)

Lady Astor:

Topers! here's your prop and pastor,
Come *per ardua ad Astor*. (" Sombrero ")

Dr. Joad:

Plato! All up-to-date-O!
(Douglas Hawson)

Accommodation Offered and Wanted

ACCOMMODATION offered gentleman; charming locality adj. golf course; sole guest. Oaktree Lodge, Hazel Lane, Petersham, Surrey.

BED and breakfast; 3 comfortable top rooms with own bathroom available for men. Suitable for officers. 32 Brunswick Gardens, W.8. BAYswater 7332.

MRS. ADAMS, boy 2½, wishes share her furn. home with mother and child similar age, £2 weekly. Shelley Barn, Piltdown, Sussex.

ATTRACTIVE furnished room free now for one with art or literary interests. £3 with breakfast and service. 'Phone before 12 or after 5.30 p.m. BAY 5194.

YOUNG couple wish share their country house with educ., musical, practical woman and baby; ideal for children. No servants. Box 10, Smith's Library, Berkhamsted.

NICELY furnished well-sized sunny room in comfortable house, suitable for gentleman in business, with or without breakfast. 71 Hillside Gardens, Edgware.

COMFORTABLE bed-sitting rooms, including breakfast, baths and light, from 30s. weekly. Gas fires. 41 Callcott Road, Brondesbury, N.W.6. MAI 6334.

WOMAN (42), temporary Civil Servant, spare time artist, requires modest accommodation furnished, outskirts Birmingham. Box 1702.

Accommodation—continued

OXFORD. Could anyone accommodate woman graduate teacher school year from end Sept.? Would give a hand domestic chores in free time. Box 1753.

GENTLEMAN, out all day, seeks partial board paying guest Engl. family/boarding hse., London. Tally, 210 Randolph Ave., W.9.

RESEARCH Scientist, 40, requires bed and breakfast, 4 miles Hainault Station. Away week-ends. Box 1775.

BUSINESS woman requires two unfurnished rooms, easy access town. Box 1772.

ACCOMMODATION wanted for leave, end September, London. Box 1756.

YOUNG naval officer wants room, breakfast, occas. dinners in friendly family. Within reach Whitehall. Away week-ends. Box 1742.

To Let and Wanted

UNFURN. flat in charming house, close Hampstead Heath extension. Lounge, bdrm., spare room, kitchen, bathroom. 8 mins. buses. Rental £110 p.a. Write fully. Box 1774.

2ND Floor, unfurnished flat. Ideal living, every convenience, music no objection. 217 Broadhurst Gardens. 1 min. Finchley Road Station. 'Phone Maida Vale 3743, after 6 or before 10.

To Let and Wanted—continued

WANTED in/near South Ken., two/three rooms, kitchen, bath. Rent not more than £60 per annum. Box 1720.

WANTED. Small dwelling on large plot. Rural. Daily access City. Box 1553.

HOUSE wanted, furnished or unfurnished. 2–6 bedrooms, 20–50 miles London. B., 183 The Parkway, Iver Heath, Bucks.

OFFICER, working London, and wife, want s/c. flat, furn. or partly furn. Or would consider unfurn. if immediately habitable. 2 or 3 rooms, k. and b., N. or N.W. district. Box 1708.

TWO ladies require small furnished flat, W.C. district. 2 bedrooms, sitting room, bthrm., etc. Careful tenants. Mod. Box 1743.

YOUNG lady, teacher, seeks furnished flatlet or room, use kitchen and bath. Streatham district, September. Box 1709.

Miscellaneous

STOP Smoking. Quick, cheap, lasting, harmless. Grateful thousands testify. Booklet 5*d.* Carlton Chemicals, 251 Birmingham.

YOUR favourite suit copied (nearest regulation style) in John Peel tweed from £6.12.6 and 26 coupons. Satisfaction or money and coupons refunded. Patterns post free. Redmayne, 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

Typing

TYPEWRITING by exp. Novels, articles, sh. stories, etc. Reason. charges. Box 1761.

TYPEWRITING work of all kinds promptly and efficiently carried out. Box 1783.

London University

MATRICULATION

Inter. & Degree Exams.

U.C.C., founded 1887, has successfully prepared many thousands of students for the above. The College is an Educational Trust, not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern. Highly qualified resident tutors. Low fees; instalments. Free re-preparation in the event of failure.

● PROSPECTUS post free from Registrar,

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

70, Burlington House, Cambridge